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THE LESSON OF THE PAST.

Eben E. Rexford.

"Oh, to forget the past," he said,
Whose life was full of mispent hours,—
"If we could hide it with the dead
Who sleep beneath the grass and flowers!"
"Forget!" cried she whose heart was brave
To face the work life gave to do,—
"If you could hide in one low grave
The dead days that so trouble you,
"Then days to come would squandered be.
Look back with serious, thoughtful eyes,
O friend of mine, and what you see
May help to make you strong and wise.
"Learn from the lesson of the past—
The time wherein no good was done,—
That days God gives us fly so fast—
So soon the race of life is run!
"Let thoughts of what remains undone
Rouse up your heart to work today,
And courage, born of victories won,
Will baffle lions in the way.
"Be diligent today, and so
Atone for sloth in days gone by,
And coax the flowers of peace to grow
Between the dead past and the sky."
Shelton, W.Va.

The Outlook.

Gen. Anthony Wayne, a soldier of the Revolution and the hero of Stony Point on the Hudson, was born at Easttown, Chester County, Pa. Jan. 1, 1745, and died at Presque Isle (now Erie), Pa., Dec. 15, 1796. In August, 1794, he led an army of 1,000 men down the Maumee, in the Northwest Territory, and defeated the Indians. The victory has just been celebrated at Defiance, O. The exercises lasted three days, thirty thousand people, among whom were Gov. McKinley and other celebrities, were present.

Though 70 years of age and without oratorical or controversial qualifications, ex-Vice-President Morton seems to be regarded by the Republican leaders as their most available candidate for Governor of the Empire State. He is fortunate in having an unexceptional record and thirty millions.

Francis H. Underwood, a literary man of Boston, well known by magazine articles and books, was born in Enfield, Mass., Jan. 12, 1825, and died at Leith, Scotland, where he was American Consul, Aug. 7, 1894. For seventeen years he served on the Boston School Board and in 1878 delivered a course of lectures on literature before the Peabody Institute in Baltimore.

The death penalty will be retained in the New York Constitution now in course of construction by the convention. The report of the committee in favor of the retention was accepted by the convention by a vote of 85 to 55.

The phrase "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute" has been supposed to have originated in the struggle against the Barbary States. The Boston Transcript finds the phrase was first used by Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, our minister to France. The agent of the Directory intimated that, if we would have peace, we must pay for it; to which the American minister gave in reply the above famous phrase, which was afterwards adopted in the war against Barbary. Pinckney used the word "cent" and not "penny" as we usually have it.

The desire to utilize the vacation months in the interest of knowledge, seen in the Chautauqua and other summer gatherings, has received fresh emphasis, this summer, by the pilgrimage of members of the Philadelphia Historical Society. Instead of shutting themselves up in one place, the Historical Pilgrims adopted the more sensible course of visiting in company the principal historical shrines found in New England, New York and New Jersey.

The Frelinghuysens have long been distinguished in New Jersey. Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, Attorney-General of the State, United States Senator and Secretary of State under President Arthur, was born in Millstone, N. J., Aug. 4, 1817, and died in Newark, N. J., May 20, 1885. At the unveiling of the statue erected in his honor in Military Park, the oration was delivered by his friend, Ambassador Runyan.

On August 8, Sicily was convulsed by the shocks of an earthquake. The centre of disturbance was in the province of Catania. The towns of Fleri, Aci, and Pisano were totally destroyed, and great damage was done in Zerbati, Pennisi, and Zaffarana. Forty persons were killed and scores severely injured, while hundreds of the villagers, abandoning everything, fled to the open country for safety.

The Thirty Anarchists.

The assassination of the French President has made the path of every anarchist more difficult than it would otherwise have been. The nefarious deed has roused the vengeance of the nations against the entire organization. The civilized world will not tolerate the method of assassination, and whoever undertakes to employ it must expect the heavy hand of every government. The danger was that under the existing excitement the civil authorities, especially in France, where the great crime was committed, would condemn suspected persons on insufficient evidence. The law in France had made it easy to convict. Thirty persons suspected of anarchistic connections had been on trial in Paris for some weeks, but the jury on Saturday brought in a verdict of not guilty. The verdict is satisfactory as showing that the French courts are swayed by no fanaticism on the subject, but are prepared to decide in accordance with evidence in spite of their great provocations.

Situation at Bluefields.

The disturbed condition on the Mosquito coast remains, though the fighting is probably at an end. The difficulty between the Nicaraguans on the one side and the Mosquito Indians and Negroes on the other has been settled. Capt. Sumner, of the navy, in a brief dispatch, says he has landed a force from the two American ships in port and a similar force has been landed from a British war vessel which will be maintained on shore until the unsettled condition disappears. Though the waters are yet troubled, the captain does not expect any renewal of the storm. The Nicaraguans have concentrated a considerable force at Bluefields and will no doubt be able to continue masters of the situation in spite of any resistance made by Chief Clarence and his bands. Capt. Sumner thinks both the "Marblehead" and the "Columbia" will be relieved from duty on the Mosquito coast in the course of eight or ten days.

Famine in Labrador.

Labrador is at the best an inhospitable region. The winter is long and severe, the summer very brief, while the soil is hard and unproductive. The Eskimos depend on game without making any attempt at agriculture. When the game is abundant they fare very well, but when for any reason the supply is cut short, they are reduced to the verge of starvation. In the interior, extensive forest fires have swept over the country, destroying or driving away the game of all kinds, especially the caribou on which

they so largely depend for food supply. Montagnais families, recently returned to Mingan, which they had left a year ago, report that a large number of the Indians in that locality died of starvation the past winter and the tribe is likely to become extinct. The Hudson Bay Company have usually advanced to them the supplies needed, and taken their compensation from the results of the hunt, but the small amount of furs secured the past year leaves the Indians so impoverished that they are likely to experience great suffering the coming winter.

The Crop Report.

The government crop report just rendered is in some respects less favorable than that of a month ago. The corn crop, which has for many years been highly productive, comes near to being a failure. Corn will endure great heat but demands moisture; the dryness accompanying the continued heat has prevented the setting of the ears. The general condition of the crop, which was rated a month ago at 95, is now placed at 69.1. Iowa, a leading corn producing State, is rated at 45; while Nebraska, usually rising near the head, descends in the scale to 33, and South Dakota to 29. The reports of the government agents may have been a little extreme, as they saw the drought in the height of its severity; private correspondents, indeed, make more favorable reports in some sections; but after all allowances, it must be conceded that the damage to the corn crop is irreparable. The shortage will hold the price of corn at an unusually high figure. From the same report it appears that the spring wheat crop yielded a less abundant harvest than usual.

Postal Trolley Cars.

Brooklyn has a new postal facility. In taking the mails to the suburbs, the steam railroad and the mail wagon has been used. Postmaster Sullivan suggested the use of the trolley car and the suggestion was approved in Washington. Two new cars have been constructed for the Brooklyn service and were put on the track last week. In construction, they are like the closed street car, twenty-eight feet long, painted white with red trimmings and arranged inside with two apartments and conveniences for assorting the mail. Hitherto the mails have been distributed at the office; but, with these new cars, the distribution can be made on the way. One clerk accompanies each car and it is his duty to distribute the matter into pigeon holes and after the car has started to drop the mail into the bags for the different stations. On returning, the mails received are again arranged in bags ready to be transported into the country. The mail car is thus a patch of the city post-office, moving about the city without any interruption to the work within. It is as though the post-office itself were put on wheels.

War in the Eastern Seas.

Korea continues to be the chief point of public interest in the Old World. The war between Japan and China is being prosecuted with increasing vigor. The open declaration of war by Japan served to intensify the zeal and activity of China and to hasten the sending forward of troops to the Korean peninsula. Japan has a certain advantage in her state of preparation and early entrance into the field, especially in being able to hold the chief city and port as well as to retain the person of the King. The effort of Russia and England to pacificate the belligerents has come to nothing. It was probably at first intended to be a blind or to open the way for the two nations on the field of struggle. Russia wants a seaport in the East and she will have it at the very earliest moment possible; England wants to maintain her trade relations intact in the East, and especially to keep firm hold of the trade ports in China and Korea. England is jealous of Japan. Japan, the most advanced nation in the East, rivals the British in the trade in the Eastern seas, and for that reason her movements are watched with jealousy by England. The armies are

in movement for greater action are long, and from all present indications the outcome must be a bloody struggle. The feeling on either side can be allayed only after a great fight. The fact that the war is really based on an old prejudice will only serve to give it intensity; for there is nothing man is so ready to contend for as his prejudices.

Tariff Agreement.

The tariff reformers are not yet out of the woods, but they made, on Monday, an important change of base which breaks the dead-lock between the two houses of Congress. In conference the House majority agreed to recede and accept the Senate amendments. This will bring the matter again before the Senate and allow a clear right of way to Mr. Gorman and his allies. This, of course may not secure the final passage of the measure. From the Senate, the bill will go to the President, who must either veto it or make a fearful back down in his tariff reform pretensions. Some are quite confident he will refuse his signature to a measure which has been so widely modified by the Senate, while others are equally sure he will accept a part rather than nothing. We shall soon have his decision.

Hawaiian Recognition.

The Republic of Hawaii seeks at length to be recognized by the United States, but in a queer way. After the President found the country was against him on the question of annexation, he handed the whole matter over to Congress to do with it what the members should please. Mr. Boutelle, of Maine, offered in the House, on the 20th of July, a series of resolutions embodying the recognition of the new Republic and asked immediate action on them. The Speaker ruled that the resolutions were not privileged and they went to the committee on foreign relations. Meantime, the American minister at the Sandwich Islands recognized the new government, subject to the approval of the President, and in due time the President and his Secretary of State recognized the action of the minister. Thus the Hawaiian Republic secured recognition in a roundabout way. The re-appearance of the matter in the House created a breeze occasioned by the sparring of Mr. Boutelle and the opposition. It was at least a curious way of securing recognition for a new government.

The Public Schools in Manitoba.

In Manitoba there has been a long struggle on the public school question. The Catholics insisted on the support of the parochial as well as the public schools by the public money. When outvoted by the Protestants, they appealed to the Dominion Government to reinstate the Catholic schools; but the Dominion Government was slow to move in a matter so unpopular with all save members of the Roman Church. The delay seems to have been accepted by the Catholic leaders as a practical decision against them. They then resorted to a new contrivance to evade the spirit of the law, by offering to place all the Catholic schools in Winnipeg under the Manitoba law and under the control of the Manitoba school board, provided the board would choose a sub-committee of Roman Catholics to whom the entire charge of the parochial schools should be given. The board sternly refused to make any compromise. The Catholics must accept the advantages of the public school system on precisely the same conditions as other citizens; if unable to occupy a common platform, they must be left, like other dissidents, to support their own schools. Foiled in this direction, they at once notified the Winnipeg school board that their schools would be closed and their children sent to the public schools, which would involve the expense of erecting new school-houses. The Winnipeg authorities were not alarmed at the result, but at once determined to supply the needed buildings. This seems to have settled the question in Manitoba. The Catholics must patronize the public schools or maintain, at their own expense, schools of their own.

Our Contributors.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

Rev. Benjamin Copeland.

Almighty Sovereign of the sea,
Make known Thy matchless majesty;
Rebuke the raging of the deep,
And bid its surging billows sleep!

Great God, regard Thy servants' prayer,
And grant us still Thy gracious care;
Spare us, O Lord, our lives prolong,
And turn our sorrow into song!

Out of the depths we cry to Thee;
Oh, let us Thy salvation see;
Thy tender pity may we prove,
Thy changeless, everlasting love!

Through gloom and tempest guide our way;
The sea is Thine — it owns Thy sway;
The winds and waves obey Thy will,
Hushed when they hear Thy "Peace, be still!"

On Thee alone our hope is stayed;
Oh, be Thou our unfailing aid,
Till, in the haven of Thy breast,
We share Thy saints' eternal rest!

Buffalo, N. Y.

SANCTIFICATION — CURRENT VIEWS AND THE RIGHT VIEW.

I.

Bishop S. M. Merrill.

IT might appear from your Prospectus, which announces an article from my pen on the subject of sanctification, that I have some particular views which differ from those current in our church. This impression, if it exist, is not correct, if my mind is clear in relation to what the church teaches and what seems to me to be the truth. There is certainly no intention on my part to be singular, or to advance anything that does not accord completely with our known and established standards of doctrine. My persuasion is firm that our denominational founders hit upon and clearly grasped the scope and spirit of the Gospel with reference to the experiences and privileges of believers in the emergence from sin into the life of righteousness. It is regrettably true that the church has not been always well represented as to the approved teachings of her pulpits, so that honest inquirers have had trouble in distinguishing between the true and the untrue, because of the bold and broad assertions of some who have assumed to speak in her name in a way that mystified and confused their hearers.

Instead of advancing a theory of sanctification, to me it seems well to avoid theorizing as far as possible, and to confine attention to the facts of the Gospel and to the essential nature of the work of grace which is designated by this term and by kindred and correlative terms. In a highly important sense, the work of salvation is a unit — that is, it is one work, resultant from a variety of agencies, it may be, but nevertheless a concrete experience which begins, progresses, and matures or culminates in the renewal of the soul in the image of God. This great deliverance may be called conversion, sanctification, or salvation, as the desire may be to emphasize one particular feature of it, or to give general expression to the work as a whole.

If I understand the current thought on the subject, the differences of opinion that arise and the discussions relate almost entirely to the analysis of this great work, to the separation of it into different parts or elements, or to the description of those parts in their isolation and relation to one another and to the whole. Theories find their purpose and aim in this work of differentiation. So long as attention is confined to the work of salvation as a whole, or to its results in lifting the believer into a new life and new relations to God, there is little room for differences of opinion or for disputation about modes or processes; for in actual experience the work is so unique, so complete in its results, so perfectly adapted to the needs and longings of the soul, and so manifestly the work of God's infinite wisdom and love, that it is gladly accepted as the divine healing, as one who has been sick rejoices in restored health without waiting to comprehend the agencies or functions employed in his recovery.

There is, however, a possible analysis of this work which may be edifying, and which, when rightly made, will aid in the elucidation of the subject, and in understanding the terms employed in the Scriptures with reference to it. There are different elements or aspects of personal salvation from sin which must be considered if a comprehensive and discriminating view is to be

taken, and such a view is unquestionably desirable.

The legal side of this work comes first in order, and deserves more thought than it usually receives. The whole office of Christ had primary relation to it. Redemption from the curse of the law was His great work, and underlies all experiences and all gracious privileges. To this side or department belong all those terms which speak of sin or of salvation as related to the law of God or as affected by it. Sin, transgression, condemnation; pardon, forgiveness, justification — these are forensic terms, drawing their meaning from the law, and from the divine dealing with men under the law, or as related to it. The expiation of human guilt by the sacrifice of Christ was the first legal transaction. That was the atonement. The making over to the individual sinner of the merit of that sacrifice is the first legal transaction with the penitent who seeks salvation. This is justification in the sense of pardon or forgiveness. It is a comprehensive blessing, carrying with it the legal right to every element of the concrete salvation, and securing the reversal of the sentence of condemnation, the new birth of the soul into the life of God, the washing away of the legal and moral pollution contracted in actual sin, and therefore the gracious adoption into the family of God. It must be, therefore, that the justified state implies these concomitants, and means that every justified soul is regenerated by the Holy Spirit, and sanctified through the blood of the everlasting covenant.

This view of the conversion of a sinner indicates the tremendous significance of the wonderful achievement. It also brings to the believer the possibility of a just appreciation of his present inheritance in Christ and of the richness of the grace which has abounded unto him through the faith that brings pardon and peace and salvation. When the Spirit attests the filial relation attained, it also assures him of the fullness of love in Christ to be unfolded in the developing graces and experiences to be wrought out in daily duties, self-denials and consecrations, till the germinal life implanted expands into the matured fruitage promised in the gift of the Comforter.

The life-side of this work has now been indicated. The sinner is dead, spiritually. In the generic salvation he "passes from death unto life." When guilt is canceled and the condemnation removed, the quickening Spirit imparts new life. This is the new birth, regeneration. It is not identical with pardon, but accompanies it. God's children are never dead. "The dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live." They are made alive in Christ; they are risen with Christ. Christ lives in them. "He that hath the Son hath life." To be born is to begin to live; to be born again is to begin to live a new life. Every one born of God has the life of God within him. This is the vital fact in salvation. A dead soul cannot be a child of God.

There is still another element in this work. The sinner is condemned and must be justified; he is dead and must be made alive; and he is also morally filthy or polluted, and must be cleansed or washed. This last is sanctification. The word means this. It describes the process or act of cleansing. Every sinner is cleansed when he is saved — converted. He is justified, regenerated, sanctified. Salvation includes these three processes. As God has no dead children — none not made alive in Christ — so He never owns an un sanctified child. Paul in Corinthians, speaking to and of "babes in Christ," declares them sanctified in Christ. They are sanctified as surely as they are children of God. Wesley taught exactly this; Mr. Fletcher, Adam Clarke, Watson, Benson, and all the old Methodist divines taught it. It can scarcely be called a theory, it is a fact — an essential, Scriptural, Methodist fact and doctrine.

From the beginning it has been held that all believers are sanctified at conversion; and along with this the church has consistently taught a distinction between sanctification and "entire sanctification," using the qualifying word to distinguish the subsequent and completer work which follows conversion, sometimes at a much later date and in connection with a wonderful spiritual uplift. Most of the speculation, theorizing, disputings, and distractions that afflict the church in connection with sanctification occur with reference to this last phase of the subject. It is the doctrine of complete holiness, and bears important relation to the evangelical doctrine of Christian perfection. Indeed, not a few well-meaning people confound the two and speak of them as identical, and use the terms describing

them as interchangeable. Hence follow confusion, distraction, disputations, and fanaticism.

The first thing necessary, in view of prevalent errors, is to distinguish between sanctification and growth. Sanctification is a work, a process, a divine cleansing. It is the work of God, wrought by the Holy Spirit, in answer to faith, and therefore a present privilege. It occurs at conversion, but is neither completed nor discontinued at that time. It is a continuous process, "cleansing and keeping" the soul clean through its daily liabilities to contract defilement by contact with external life and through the motions of the flesh or the lingering forces of the carnality within. It is instantaneous in its first manifestation in conversion; it is progressive in its continuous processes after conversion; and it may be instantaneous in its completed work when the "old man" expires and the culmination is reached, authorizing the strong auxiliary "wholly" or "entire." As it always means cleansing, it never means growth. Growth is a function or process of life. Cleansing does not grow; life always grows, and growth is the unfolding, the expansion, the manifestation, the outreaching and development of life. Growth, therefore, pertains to the life element, and not to the purifying element in the generic salvation. Sanctification aims at purity, tends to purity, results in purity — holiness. Growth, the unfolding of life, aims at maturity, tends to maturity, results or culminates in maturity — perfection. These are not identical nor necessarily coetaneous. Purity is not maturity; but purity is necessary to maturity, although maturity is not necessary to purity. Purity may precede maturity, but maturity cannot precede purity. Holiness and purity are the same, the result of sanctification, the outcome not of the growth, however that may accompany the process, but the outcome of the cleansing. Maturity is the outcome not of the cleansing, but of the growth.

Books have been written on purity and maturity, showing the broad distinction between them. Dr. Wood, of the National Holiness Association, has produced a good one. Dr. McDonald endorses it, and in his books writes in the same strain. Dr. Lowry ably maintains the same ground; Dr. Inskip preached vigorously on this distinction, and Dr. Steele follows with unflinching step. Men who never attained the doctorate in divinity, but grappled the problems of divine truth with equal skill, did the same thing before these Doctors entered the arena. Among these were John Wesley, John Fletcher and Richard Watson. These all distinguished between purity and maturity, and not one of them confounded sanctification with growth in grace. Yet as God purifies the heart by faith, men may and do grow into a deeper and stronger and broader spiritual life — the life of faith in the Son of God. Hence these different elements in the generic, concrete, Christian salvation are never antagonistic nor in competition, but complementary and harmonious.

Some of the Doctors whose activity in this discussion has been marked, have gone astray in failing to make distinctions where they should be made. As above, they make the broad distinction that ought to be made between purity and maturity, and they do it well. They prove beyond all question that purity and maturity are widely different in nature, process, and result; that one is the result of cleansing, and the other the subsequent outcome of growth, and of the development of the graces of the Christian life; and then, by an egregious failure or blunder, they involve the whole subject in confusion, mislead inquirers, belittle the holiest and grandest attainment possible in this life, and throw wide open the door for deception, fanaticism, and all manner of extravagance and evil. They do it by distinguishing rightly between purity and maturity, and not making any distinction between purity and perfection. They treat these last two as one. They use the terms as interchangeable, and apply the same Scriptures to the one and the other indifferently. The result is that their followers insist on purity, dwell on the power of the cleansing blood, urge all to seek heart purity at once, disparage the process of growth, indirectly if not directly, and call upon all whose emotions lead them to believe their hearts are pure to avow their attainment and call it Christian perfection. They are not mature — they do not profess to be; they are quite immature, young men and young women, pure-minded, susceptible, teachable, "babes in Christ;" yet they have professed Christian perfection. There are such all through the churches; they do well for a season,

then discover that they are not mature, not perfect, and feel that they have been deceived into making such a profession, and yield to the temptation that their whole experience was a deception, lose heart and lose faith, fall into apostasy and are lost. Sad and dark as is this picture, it is not overdrawn.

The older divines and the broader and clearer view — the real Methodist view — escape this fearful and ruinous perversion of precious truth by distinguishing between purity and perfection, as between purity and maturity. The fathers defined perfection to be maturity. In their thought one was the other. They were identical; and even the modern doctors do not make formal distinction between maturity and perfection; they cannot. Yet common sense affirms that if there is such wide difference between purity and maturity, and if there is no difference between maturity and perfection, then there ought to be some distinction between purity and perfection. This is a crucial point. Not even Mr. Wesley always gave it full significance. Many excellent writers have been slightly lame just here; but this is no reason for present indifference, or for perpetuating an error which is seen in modern usage to be working disaster. The doctrine of heart-purity through sanctification, leading onward to the maturity of faith, love, and all the graces of the Spirit, eventuating in the perfection of Christian character which is the privilege of established believers, is too precious to be dragged down into the dust and straw of confused emotionalism, as is done when the necessary distinctions are not made. In a loose and general way Christian purity stands in Methodist thought for Christian perfection, while in accurate conception and Scriptural usage it is only preparatory thereto, and a condition precedent to the grand and blessed attainment.

Possibly this article, in reaching beyond its caption to take in the subject of Christian perfection, goes to a length not intended by the editor in requesting the discussion of sanctification, but to the writer's mind the conditions seemed to require what is here said; and if this enlargement of the theme shall lead to larger and better thoughts of the great truth, and to an exaltation of the common conception of the believer's high calling in Christ, the end in view will be accomplished. There is nothing so great in the realm of spiritual gifts to men as the perfection of the human soul in love to God and love to man — a perfection which means completeness, maturity, ripeness, impossible of attainment except through sanctification of the Spirit unto purity of heart.

57 Washington St., Chicago.

BISHOP VINCENT ON THEOLOGICAL TRAINING.

BISHOP VINCENT, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is not only one of the wisest and most aggressive workers in the Methodist Episcopal Church, but is also one of the ablest and truest spiritual leaders in our land. In a recent Conference at which he was present the question of the theological training for ministers came up for discussion. The inquiry was pressed as to whether those being prepared for the ministry should be kept away from teaching not generally accepted as orthodox. In reply Bishop Vincent, in unqualified terms, declared that if he had the management of the theological seminaries he would invite to deliver addresses before the students those who represented forms of thought generally supposed to be hostile to the training the young men were receiving. For instance, he said that he would invite such men as Bishop Keane to speak concerning the faith and mission of the Roman Catholics, Edward Everett Hale for the Unitarians, and others equally prominent to speak for other denominations and phases of faith. The point the Bishop emphasized was that students for the ministry ought to learn at first hand of the views of those with whom they may be in conflict or rivalry. Bishop Vincent is right. If the teaching of various sects is not to be misrepresented, they must have as their spokesmen those of their own number; and if young men are not to suffer many and bitter surprises, they must be honestly and with perfect fairness taught concerning the views of those supposed to be opposed to them. Such a system of instruction would show that many are friends who were supposed to be enemies, and would prevent the terrible surprises which often come later in life.

— The Outlook.

NEW YORK: 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917,

The Family.

ESTRANGED.

Lillian Grey.

You are far away from your Father's house;
Come back! come home!
You are tired and troubled and hungry and sad,
Of there alone.
In your Father's house is enough and to spare,
Come home! come back!
Of love and pity and comfort and care
You shall find no lack.
He loves you—loves you in spite of all;
He will watch and wait;
He will see you coming a long way off,
Though the night be late;
He will greet you, kiss you, fold you close
To His loving breast;
O prodigal! turn from your worthless haunts,
Come home and rest!
Come back! come home! for the music lacks
One glad, sweet strain
That shall rise and fall and echo and ring
When you come again.
Soft sandals wait for your weary feet,
And vestures white
To clothe you fully. Oh, swift come home,
Nor wait till night!

A VANISHED FACE.

Still as of old the morning breaks;
The brook delays its mimic flood,
And in its soft embrace it takes
The ivy-mantled wood.

Within the elm the robin sings;
The lilac blooms beside the bars;
And through the shadows evening brings
Look down the early stars.

And day by day the cheerful sounds
Arise of those who sow or reap,
Who wake to tread life's common rounds,
And turn again to sleep.

The seasons come and go apace,
And naught is changed my eye can see;
But in its grave lies one dear face
That was the world to me.

—Rev. JAMES B. KENYON, in *Northern Christian Advocate*.

Thoughts for the Thoughtful.

All those who journey soon or late
Must pass within the garden's gate;
Must kneel alone in darkness there,
And battle with some fierce despair.
God pity those who cannot say,
"Not mine, but Thine;" who only pray,
"Let this cup pass," and cannot see
The purpose in Gethsemane.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Patience; kindness; generosity; humility;
courtesy; unselfishness; good temper; guilelessness; sincerity—these make up the supreme gift, the stature of the perfect man. —Prof. Drummond.

The most awful thought that comes to a man sometimes, is the thought of a soul that he injured years and years ago, and that he cannot touch and cannot help. His own life is under better influence; his own life is uplifted; but where is the man, where is the woman, to whom he did the harm years and years ago? God save us from that! It would be hopeless if it had not the infinite hope in the endless love of God to fall back upon. —Phillips Brooks.

God's will is an angel, bearing in his hand a little lamp to light you step by step on your heavenward way, at last bringing you to the door of home. If there are perplexities before you, simply begin to do your duty—the little of it that is clear—and the perplexities will vanish. If the task set for you seems impossible, still begin the doing of it. It would not be a duty and be really impossible. God never requires anything He does not intend to help us to do. The giving of a duty always implies strength to do it. In due time the mountain will yield to your faithful strokes. You will learn by doing. Life will brighten as you go on. —J. R. Miller, D. D.

Even as Thy disciples on the lake,
When Thou didst walk o'er angry Galilee,
Lay in their boat, and for their bodies' sake
Feared to set foot across the waves to Thee—

So, Lord, upon life's troubled sea I ride,
Rocked in my little craft of selfish fear,
And want resolve to touch the rolling tide,
Trusting some flicker wind may bring Thee near.

But as Thy servant Peter made essay
And felt the waters firm beneath his tread,
So may I enter on the perilous way
To find at once its vaulted terrors fled,
And when I seem to sink, stretch forth Thine hand!

O thou of little faith, canst understand?
—N. Y. Observer.

The lily grows by the power of its inward life-principle, and according to the laws of a lily's life. No amount of its own stretching or straining, nor any pulling up by others, would help its growth. It is all folly, and worse than folly, for Christians to make such mighty efforts to grow. If they would only let the Christ-life within them grow, unhindered by their interference, they need have no fear of the result. But we are so ignorant of the laws of our spiritual life that we are continually tempted to meddle with it. Let us imagine a seed that has just

been quickened, communing with itself: "What dreadful place is this I am in? How can anything grow all in the dark like this, and with such heaps of heavy earth on top of it? And, oh dear! what is the matter with me? I seem to be all splitting up! And look at that bit of me going down! I thought I was meant to grow upwards. What does it all mean? I am afraid things are all wrong. And now, just when I thought I was getting out into the nice sunshine, here comes a dreadful storm and drenches me. I never can live through all this. Besides, look how little I am, and I know I was meant to be a big tree. And where is the fruit I was to bear? I have only got two or three tiny green leaves." And so on, and so on, *ad infinitum*. Have you never known any souls that made similar complaints? —HANNAH WHITALL SMITH, in "Every Day Religion."

When God's way is our way, we are satisfied. When He asks us to walk by faith rather than sight, we demur. But what a world this would be if we trusted the Lord completely! How easily we should bear our burdens! How hopefully we should meet the sorrows of life! As the bee findeth honey in the weed, so we should find joy in bereavement. Then our griefs would be our opportunities. But we are self-willed; not we, but God must bend. The Father must beg the child to trust Him. So the world weeps blindly, and without consolation. All is within reach; but we possess nothing. The spirit starves; but the larder is full. It shivers with the cold when it need but move into the sunshine to be warm. —REV. GEORGE H. HEPPWORTH, in "The Life Beyond."

Sorrow is interwoven into the fabric of life; God means tears. These tears are for a divine purpose. But they are not the expression of His wrath; they are not the special messengers of a divine indignation; He does not pick you out and send a burden upon you for a specific purpose. No, He puts humanity into a world of sorrow, because sorrow is the method by which character is to be developed. We are in the world in order that out of the processes to which we are subjected, including pain, the manifestation of the sons of God may be wrought; we are in the world that out of a lower order we may be brought up, step by step, into the liberty of the glory of the sons of God; and the only steps by which the liberty of that glory can be won are steps of sorrow. Grief is God's educator. Trouble is God's minister to manhood. Therefore it is that Paul, looking for sorrow and upon death sometimes as though it were an enemy, says, I am not afraid of him; and sometimes says, You cannot separate me from the love of God, I hold fast to that; and sometimes says, Come in, I welcome you, I am glad that you have come, because you are going to render me real service, and sometimes opens the door and goes out to sorrow and says, Come, I want you, I follow after, if that I may be conformed unto the death of Christ, and may have participated in His suffering. It is because this black-hued angel carries in his hand a gift that Paul wants—the gift of a divine manhood. —Lyman Abbott, D. D.

DOROTHY WATSON.

N. A. M. Roe.

DIDN'T I never tell ye 'bout Dorothy Watson?

Wal, she stayed here one summer, an' Judith she sot a sight by 'er. She wuz pooty ez a plecter, an' jest ez good ez gold. She wuz kinder sickly like, an' her par he sent 'er down here ter see ef air an' hills couldn't do suthin' fer 'er. She hed 'er kerriage an' 'er pony, an' she us't ter go out ridin' round the kentry mos' every day.

Wal, 'bout 'er bein' a pefessor. She got converted down't the little church, an' I never see a clearer case o' light to a benighted soul than her'n wuz. She jes' moped fer days, and then she jes' sung after thet. You could hear 'er all over the house, an' 'er voice was jes' wonderful. I ain't never heard nothin' to come up to't 'cept them boblinks in ther medder. When she started on "Nearer, my God, ter Thee," I jes' seemed ter go right up, an' when she got onder "Jest as I am without one plea," I felt 'alf ef I could hev got holt o' some o' them nasty dirty heathen what ther missionary papers tells on, I'd hev took 'em right up—an' I ain't partial ter dirt neither.

Wal, ther church burned down one night, an' I tell ye 'twas an' awful sight. I've seen it in my dreams lots o' times sence, an' I couldn't git to't now. Nobody knows how't took, but some s'picious 'twas tramps, an' I guess 't might's well be thet way as any other.

Wal, of course we wa'n't in no condit'n ter build a new one, cos we wuz put to't ter git along an' pay the 'xpenses of the old one, an' what we'd do we didn't know no more'n a week-old baby. Dorothy she went up 'n cried over them ruins.

Then ther wuz a meetin' an' everybody went, even ef they didn't b'long to ther church, cos a church is com'n prop'ty like, an' 'twas the on'y Sunday place in ther village, an' it don't make no difference what sort o' folks ye be, ye won't go nowhere ter live

where ther ain't no signs of Sunday. I've alwuz took p'ticular notice, an' I've been here a considerable spell now, I've alwuz noticed that folks what giv' out ther ain't no God air alwuz pooty keeful to settle theirselves down side o' folks what b'lieve ther is a God. They ain't so 'fraid o' gittin' come up weth. An' ef a man wants ter sell prop'ty, he alwuz lays out ter tell how many churches ther is an' how near they be ter said prop'ty.

Ain't tellin' my story? A story 'thout no moral ain't no good, an' it's jest ez good throwed inter the middle ez tacked ont' the end; an' better, cos folks won't natchelly read a moral on the end, an' ef they git it in ther middle they take it 'thout sensin' it, like a pill in ther jelly. Ye got ter sugar-coat yer religion an' put jelly all round it ter make some folks take it; but land! when they dew git it ther ain't nothin' dooz 'em so much good.

I git off'n the subject some, but be patient an' long-sufferin', an' you'll git yer reward. Wal, 'bout ther meetin'. We couldn't see no way ter git ther money to build that church agin. Ye see, mos' of us wuz on'y jes' com'ferble like, and we'd alwuz give what we could, an' we fin'ly broke up 'lowing we'd hev to go 'thout a church; but we wuz mighty discour'ged, I tell ye. Judith she prayed; but I can't pray in ther dark. I've got ter hev some light ef 'tain't more'n 'n inch o' candle.

Ye see, Dorothy's par he warn't a pefessor, an' she didn't want ter do nothin' con'try ter him, an' when ther meetin' wuz, she didn't say nothin', but she wuz bright fer thinkin' an' next day she writ her pop all bout it an' ast him ef she couldn't sell ther hoss 'n kerriage an' put ther money into ther new buildin'. That wuz ther biggest sac'fice she could hev made, cos she did 'njoy thet pony mor'n you'd think fer. Wal, he writ back thet he'd given five hundred dollars fer that rig, an' he couldn't let it go; an' 'sides, he didn't want 'er mixin' 'erself up weth them Methodis' no-way. She wuz ther fer to git air an' not notions, an' he wanted her ter jes' ride round an' not bother herself 'bout nothin'.

She hadn't no mother, an' bein's her father wuz all she hed, she jest natchelly felt awful when that letter com'. She couldn't sing, an' her eyes looked shiny like 'alf they wuz full o' tears. I tell ye, I did pity 'er. She jes' took that pony an' went off on one o' 'er long rides.

Long 'bout noon I wuz a settin' in ther porch. I'd come up 'om ther field ter git a bite fer ther men. Judith she alwuz hed it ready every day in hayin' time, an' as I wuz a settin' ther ter cool off, I thought I'd fell asleep, fer I heard ther sweetest music; but I hadn't, fer I looked up, an' Dorothy's kerriage wuz a comin' down ther long hill an' she wuz a singin', "Nearer, my God, to Thee." She us't ter sing thet mor'n any other place; an' the way she sung it—I don't b'lieve but what ef you ast the folks round here what hymn tune they sot most by, they'd say, "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

Judith she come an' stood ther, an' when she got down a piece wher we couldn't hear ser wal, we wuz both cryin' an' Judith says, "Dorothy's found a way ter help." And sure enough, she hed!

We wuz ten mile 'om ther city, and no stage nor steam cars, cos Miles Whitney he died, an' the wagon wuz all used up any-way, an' mos' o' the folks hed a hoss o' their own, so ther didn't seem ter be no need for a stage. We erranded fer each other, so ter speak.

Wal, Dorothy she called a meeting; an' all the young folks wuz ther, an' they called 'emselves the "Help Band," an' they 'greed ter git ther money together ter build ther church. Of course the young men couldn't do much ter help then, cos 'twas the busy time o' year, but them girls they took turns stayin' ter home ter help an' goin' huckleberryin'; an' what dew ye think Dorothy did? She took them berries down ter the city an' sold 'em, an' she writ 'er frien's 'bout it an' ast 'em ter git their berries o' her, an' what they didn't take she jest peddled 'om door to door. She'd sell 'er things, an' then she'd drive down ter 'er father's office, an' he'd see how wal an' rosy she wuz, an' she never said nothin' 'bout her religion 'cept ter tell 'im how happy she wuz; an' he thought she'd furgot it, or gin it up or suthin'. Wal, they picked raspberries, an' they'd stay all day up on the mounting an' pick blackberries, an' they sold all they could git at good money, too. Then when it come fall the young men and boys they took a hand, an' the way they picked ocher'nuts an' but'nuts wuz a caution ter the Jews. One man gin a load o' hay ter anybody thet ud take it down an' sell it, an' some gin one thing, an some another, an' the women giv five pound o' butter or

so; an' every cent they got fer that church wuzworked fer, now, I tell ye!

"Didn't her father find out 'bout her peddlin'?" Land! yes; an' he said it showed 'er grit, an' he never mentioned it no way, shape ner manner. He jes' as soon she'd hev religion ef she didn't bother him none, an' it made her any happier.

Wal, ter make a pooty long story short, they got the church, an' then they hed a ded'cation. Dorothy invited a lot o' her city frien's out, an' her father he come too, an' she sung in the choir, an' I guess everybody in town thet could crawl wuz down ter the new church; an' old Miss Staples she wuz kerried in her cheer an' sot up front wher she could hear, fer she wuz awful deaf. Thet church wuz jes' crowded, an' the doors an' winders wuz all open, an' ther smell o' the field wuz a blowin' in at every one, an' the air wuz ser clear ye could hear the boblinks jes' ez plain, an' it did seem 'alf ther day wuz made a purpose fer that 'casen. Wal, they got all through the service, an' somebody requested ter hev Dorothy sing "Nearer, my God, to Thee." An' I never heard nothin' like it—never! She wuz dressed all in white, an' she never looked at ther congregation, but sung 'alf she wuz gittin' nearer an' nearer, an' we jest watched 'er an' 'xpected ter see her float away. Ther wuz a full minute after thet, an' then her father he riz in his seat an' said he'd like ter say a few words, an' he went on ter tell how he'd alwuz thought that religion wuz solemn, an' he didn't want none of it, but he'd ben a watchin' of his darter, an' he re'lized thet she wuz a gittin' nearer an' nearer ter God an' gittin' further an' further 'om him, an' he couldn't stan' thet nohow, an' he wuz a goin' ter try gittin' nearer ter God. Wal, by thet time Dorothy she sort o' re'lized wher she wuz a sayin', an' she com' down ther aisle, her face all a shinin' like Moses when he come down 'om ther mounting, an' she jes' throwed her arms round his neck an' laid her head down an' oried—an' I guess ther warn't many dry eyes in thet place; an' then somebody started in a trembly voice—I guess it must hev ben old Mis' Staples—"All hail ther power o' Jesus' name," an' folks sung, I tell ye, cos mos' of 'em knew ther on'ything Dorothy wanted wuz her par, an' they all felt ter rejoice weth 'er.

Mr. Watson he pervided the hymn-books an put ther bell in ther tower, an' he hed out in ther side of it,

DOROTHY WATSON.

"Nearer, my God, to Thee."

What 'ome o' her? Why, she married a man wuth his thousands, I 'xpect; but I tell ye, she ain't got far 'om God, an' they come here ev'ry summer an' she sings in the choir jest ez she us't to. Her father died, but he laid out his money wal. This church is alwuz ter be kep' in repair, an' then he's gin consid'ble ter sev'ral different objets. Lots o' folks 'om here went down ter his fun'al.

So ye see what we thought wuz the wust o'lam'ty 't could happen, wuz really ther biggest blessin' we ever hed, cos we got a better church an' bell, an' Dorothy mekby never would hev started inter the work or her father; an', take it all round, I ain't no cause ter complain. An' its most alwuz so—ye can't never tell what God's plans is a-comin' to.

Overwork vs. Overeating.

AN abuse that tends to the injury of brain workers is excessive eating. I recall to mind several brain workers who suddenly broke down and fancied that it was due to brain fatigue, when, as a matter of fact, it was due to overstuffing on their part. The furnace connected with their mental machinery became clogged up with ashes and carbon in various shapes and forms, and as a result disease came, and before the case was fully appreciated a demoralized condition of the nervous system was manifested, and they laid the flattering unction to their souls that they had indulged in mental overwork.

Hard work, mental or physical, rarely ever kills. If a mild amount of physical exercise be taken, and a judicious amount of food be furnished, the bowels kept open in the proper manner, the surface protected with proper clothing, and the individual cultivates a philosophical nature and absolutely resolves to permit nothing to annoy or fret him, the chances are that he can do an almost unlimited amount of work for an indefinite length of time, bearing in mind always that when weariness comes he must rest, and not take stimulants and work upon any false capital.

The tired, worn-out slave should not be scourged to additional labor. Under such stimulus, the slave may do the task, but he soon becomes crippled and unfit for work. The secret of successful work lies in the direction of selecting good, nutritious, digestible food, taken in proper quantities, not eaten as a "gourmand," and the adopting of regular methods of work, and the rule of resting when pronounced fatigue presents itself, and determining absolutely not to permit friction, worry, or fretting to enter into his life, and the cultivation of the Christian graces—charity, patience, and philosophy. —Medical Mirror.

ART NEEDLE-WORK.

Jeannette M. Dougherty.

THE new designs for ornamental needle-work on linen for centre-pieces, doilies, etc., show a preference for small flowers, wreaths and garlands in the patterns. These small flowers take the place of the large showy patterns, and give opportunity for delicate shading and fine work. The novel and artistic designs, the various materials for garniture, braids, silks and linsens, and the different styles of working, make this branch of art needle-work always new and interesting. The latest novelty in embroidery is a combination of delicate colors, giving a very artistic effect of rainbow tints. In one beautiful piece five small scallops form the large scallop of the edge; the centre point was embroidered in light pink, the ones on each side in delicate blue, and the outside points in pale green. In another handsome piece a scroll pattern was worked in shaded lavender; twined about the scroll were tiny garlands worked in the most delicate shades of green, pink, blue and cream. The whole effect was beautiful; as if a bit of the rainbow had been caught and held there.

The ribbons and bow-knots are still favorite patterns. Clusters of maiden-hair fern tied with ribbon is a good pattern; and with the sprays worked in delicate green and the ribbon in white makes a pretty decoration for the table. The white and green alone are very dainty on the linen. The sweet peas with their beautiful flowers and fanciful tendrils lend themselves to artistic designs; the silks come in perfect shades, and one may embroider from the natural flowers. A new lunch cloth with doilies to match is worked in trailing arbutus, the pink star-shaped flowers being in clusters.

One of the prettiest new patterns shows the edge in an elaborate scroll design. In this border there is an occasional primrose. Clusters of two or three primroses are scattered inside the border. Both flowers and scrolls are worked in soft shades of lemon, yellow, cream and white, giving a very harmonious arrangement of colors. With this centre-piece was shown a handkerchief case of linen decorated with a bunch of daffodils worked in shaded yellow, cream and pale green. Some of the richest patterns are the small garlands; these are worked in a great variety of colors, yet the shades are selected with artistic taste, and worked so as to give that harmony of colors that pleases and charms the eye.

Some of the round pieces are finished with single scallops and the flowers stand to the edge with the stems running to the centre; violets, daisies and buttercups come in this style. The stamped pieces come with the circular fringe already made. Cases for handkerchiefs, gloves, veils and gentlemen's ties are serviceable made of the linen as well as a pretty ornament for the dressing table. The daintiest bits of embroidery in small ovals, narrow panels and heart-shaped pieces are used for the centre of small cushions. The edge is filled out with white net, lace frills and full bows of narrow ribbon. Magazine covers and mats for pictures offer work also for deft fingers in embroidery.

Among the new materials is the Honiton braid in special patterns and width for the linen embroidery. This is used on the grass linen, which is a quality of goods that is very fine and sheer, and does not thicken when laundered. The braid is securely fastened to the linen in patterns. After the points are embroidered down the linen is cut out underneath the braid. The Roman embroidery shows new patterns, and there is also a new design to be very simply worked in white Turkish silk, called the cut-glass pattern.

Besides the white linen there is a great variety of colored linen in all shades. The tans and yellows are especially pretty. The linen threads come in the silk shades, and there are gay braids in ribbon colors for binding and trimming. The cotton threads for crocheting come in plain and variegated colors. These are used with the colored linen, and also with a fancy scrim which comes with border stripes in plain colors. It is a good time to select materials and do a bit of fancy work for the holiday season. The summer outing and pleasure trips are full of odd moments or leisure hours when such work only adds to the enjoyment of the hour, and one does not miss the time spent upon it; while a piece of work is finished and laid aside for a busy season when there is no opportunity for ornamental needle-work.

Chicago, Ill.

About Women.

Mrs. Mary Clement Leavitt has returned from the West, and hereafter will confine her work to the States east of the Mississippi River.

Miss Spurgeon, a sister of the late pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, recently preached in London. She is said to bear a strong resemblance to her distinguished brother.

Miss Katharine L. Sharp, the librarian of Armour Institute, Chicago, has in charge the department of library science in that institute, and has been so successful both in material and training that seven out of the ten students of the past year have already secured positions for next year in various libraries.

Madame Casimir-Perier, the wife of the new French President, is a very accomplished woman. She is a good English scholar, writes cleverly, and can seize a political situation keenly. This political instinct she inherited from her father, M. De Ségur, who held office

under Thiers, in 1872. As a hostess, at her home in the Rue Nitot, she exhibited admirable qualities. Bright, entertaining and amiable, she attracted the best people to her salon. It is said that her husband relies greatly upon her advice.

The new drinking-fountain which stands at the apex of the triangular park that divides the Bowery into Third and Fourth Avenues, New York, is the gift of the late Mrs. Marie Guise Newcomb, the animal painter, who paid for it with the money from the sale of her picture, "The Horse's Head," and presented the fountain to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. George Martin Huss is the designer, and his plans were approved by Mrs. Newcomb. The fountain, which is artistic and graceful as well as useful, is of red Italian granite, with drinking-places for dogs, horses and human beings, and is surmounted by a wrought-iron lamp.

The death quite recently of the Countess de Gasparin, at the age of 81 years, touched thousands of hearts as a bereavement almost personal in its keenness. In France and Switzerland she was esteemed for her generosity as well as revered for her expression of the best sentiments in the choicest of language. A late number of the *Christian* (London) has a very interesting sketch of her life, with an admirable portrait. Like her husband, Count Agénor de Gasparin, she was a prolific writer. After works of travel, comes, as early as 1842, "Marriage from the Christian Point of View," which the great Vinet called a noble book, and which was "crowned by the Academy" as the best fitted to promote good morals of all the books published that year in France. She spent the last few months of her life revising this work for a reissue. Some of her subsequent volumes have taken rank among those that are read and reread. Especially may this be said of "*Les Horizons Prochains*" and "*Les Horizons Célèstes*," which have been translated into English and published together, with the title "The Near and Heavenly Horizons." Then there were "*Camille*," an imaginative piece, and some high-toned volumes of poetry, "*Edelweiss*" and "*El Sonador*." In 1892 was published "*Quelques Pensées*," in which are found many beautiful sayings and wise counsels. The *Christian* says: "The Countess had a very active mind, and was busy till the last. She died on June 18 at Le Rivage, near Geneva, where during twenty-three years she ceased not to mourn the loss of her beloved husband. She has, in turn, been mourned as a loss to French Protestantism, without distinction of church or party. She was a noble soul, having a hatred of anything specious or unreal; and one of the many monumental works that follow her is the Deaconesses' Institute at Lausanne, which she founded and endowed some years ago."

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

NEXT to Divine Omnipotence, said Garfield, the most powerful and uplifting influence under which a young man's life and character can pass is the friendship of a woman too old to be his wife. Such a woman has recently entered upon the rest remaining for the children of God. The world is poorer through her going. For nearly fifty years she had worn the white flower of a blameless life. She had manifested the beauty and power inherent in Christian belief and life and practice. It was not a conspicuous or distinguished life. Jay Gould would have scorned it as an utter failure. Yet her character and career answered with a noble and ringing "Yes!" the cowardly and unmanly question: Is life worth living?

For the sake of supporting her mother she put love by, and with it a woman's dearest desire. She found her peace in the Divine will, and in losing her life for Christ she regained it. She trod the dim and dusty ways of duty, not in bitterness of soul, not in sourness of spirit, but with smiling face and serene spirit. Here was the drudgery of teaching, but she made her work divine through practicing her profession as by the laws of God. George Herbert's familiar lines,—

"A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room as if by Thy laws
Makes that and the action fine,"

set the key-note of her life, and constituted its dominant chord. The discord between her aspirations and her circumstances had been absorbed into a higher harmony, and through the melody of this spiritual music the harsh, stiff lines of life resolved themselves into curves of beauty. She shaped the intellects of young men and women with a touch as firm as gentle, but she also impressed her noble personality upon their plastic characters. Her life was but one of unnoticed thousands lived year in and year out without complaint—nay! rejoicingly—by brave, high-souled, sweet-natured women all up and down our land. Involuntarily one thinks of the broken shaft as the fit symbol of these lives. Yet the thought is unjust. The shaft is completed in the upper airs of heaven, and the Master Workman Himself crowns the pillar with its capital.

Why, then, should this life be singled out from myriads of lowly, unimportant ones? Is it not merely an individual, an atom in the mass? Yes—and no! There is no such thing as an unimportant life in the universe. This life was typical. It illustrated the possibilities of the glory and grandeur obtainable through greatness of character, and the value of existence. It showed what the grace of God and the love of Christ and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit en-

able every Christian to be and to do. This woman had taken home to her heart the spirit of one who said: "I can go through this world but once. I may never come this way again. Let me, therefore, neglect no chance to do a kindness." So our little pilgrim seized her opportunity to make people happy. With culture of intellect she united culture of heart and soul. Every boy and girl and man and woman that had the privilege of knowing her, can recollect acts and utterances of kindness from her.

This woman increased the sum of happiness in the world, and lessened human pain and wretchedness, by all the force and reach of her being. That matters are not so bad for you and me as they might be, is due to such happiness-making, self-sacrificing lives as these. Some of them passed away centuries before we were born. Some of them lived in the lands of the morning. But their altruism has made our lives less forlorn, and their little candle has thrown its beams around the world. A character in "*Felix Holt*" was glad to have lived, because the world was chiefly miserable and his life had helped one who needed it. That was the reason for the existence of this woman now enskied and sainted. She was no angel. She was but yet a woman, albeit dipped in angel instincts. But she believed that every life is a plan of God. She lived here as the Master, in her place and associations, would have lived it. She thought with Shirley:—

"The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
Only the actions of the just
Small sweet and blossom in the dust."

Such a life is a glorious success. It is an incarnation and revelation of the divine in humanity. It shines resplendent in the white light of eternity. It shows how close is glory to our dust, and that the path of duty is the way to glory. A benediction to all who come under its hallowing influences, it is blessed with the smile of God. It tells on the ages, and tells for their King.—*Interior.*

THE SILENT SPEECH.

What must we bring to Nature to receive
The fullness that her gracious hands would leave?
Ah, many things, yet little. Open eyes
That see the mysteries of earth and skies.
And know their open secrets. Soothed indeed
By their calm loveliness, and swift to read
The page that Nature's hand itself hath turned;
Made glad by each benignant lesson learned,
And hiding, for the heart's own comforting,
Each holier meaning her evangel bring.

So Nature says in these dear gracious days,—
"Behold my beauty—rest, and hope and praise!
The light that quickens now the orchard bloom
Your Father's garment in; and why have room
Within your hearts for doubting or for fear?
More than the hem you finger—God is near!"

—Oliver E. Davis.

Bits of Fun.

—When the office-boy emptied the editor's waste-basket into the furnace, there was a splendid display of "words that burn."

—Miss Beaconhill: "Are you interested in psychical matters?" *Charles Bleeker*: "Oh, yes! I spend half my time on a wheel."

—It was the first time Johnny had ever heard a guinea-hen. "O ma," he shouted, "come and hear this chicken a-windin' itself up!"

—*Mistress*: "Did you manage to find the basket of eggs that was on the floor, Kate?" *Servant*: "Oh, yis, mum—aisy. Oi stepped in it."—*Tid-Bits.*

—*He*: "My income is small, and it is cruel of me to take you from your father's roof." *She* (anxiously): "I don't live on the roof."

—*He's* very intellectual and literary, isn't he?" "Why do you think so?" "He told me he never felt like himself till he was snugly ensconced in his library." "Well, you see, his folding-bed is a bookcase."

Smith-Jones: "How do you manage to keep up your mental energy so well?"

Smith-Brown: "My wife gives me a piece of her mind every morning before I start to work."

—*Harlem Life.*

—A lady who has recently returned from a Mediterranean trip says that, as the ship was leaving the harbor of Athens, a well-dressed lady passenger approached the captain, who was pacing the deck, and, pointing to the distant hills covered with snow, asked, "What is that white stuff on the hills, captain?" "That is snow, madam," answered the captain. "Now is it, really?" remarked the lady. "I thought so, but a gentleman just told me it was Greece."—*Argonaut.*

—A demure looking little man approached the haughty clerk in a grocer's shop and meekly asked if he had any coffee to sell. "We have ground coffee," said the young man. "No other kind?" "None. This is the best ground coffee in the market." "But I don't want it," the little man braced up. "I got some sugar here the other day with sand in it, and I don't want coffee with ground in it. You must think I want the earth."

—A pretty exchange of compliments was effected when Edward Everett and Judge Story one day met at a dinner. Toasts were given; and, when Judge Story was called upon, he made a charming allusion to his friend who had attained such prominence in the political and literary world. "Fame," said he, "rises where Everett goes." Then came Mr. Everett's turn to pay back the compliment in kind. "However high my fame may rise," said he, "I am sure it will never get above one story."—*Youth's Companion.*

—"I am sensible of the honor you do me, Mr. Spoonamore, in the proposal of marriage you have just made," said the young woman, with a slight curl of the lip; "but circumstances over which I have no control will compel me to decline the honor." "What are those circumstances, Miss Marigold?" fiercely demanded the young man. "Your circumstances, Mr. Spoonamore."—*Tid-Bits.*

Little Folks.

THE MISSES AT SCHOOL.

There was once a school
Where the mistress, Miss Rule,
Taught a number of Misses that vexed her;
Miss Chief was the lass
At the head of the class,
And young Miss Demeanor was next her.

Who was tall they don't tell,
But I heard 'twas Miss Spell—
I learned so from Miss Information
Who was on the street,
Where she happened to meet
With Miss Take and Miss Representation.

Poor little Miss Hap
Spilled the ink in her lap,
And Miss Fortune fell under the table;
Miss Conduct they all
Did a Miss Creant call,
But Miss State declared this was a fable.

Miss Lay lost her book,
And Miss Lead undertook
To show her the place where to find it;
But upon the wrong nail,
Had Miss Place hung her veil,
And Miss Deed hid the book safe behind it.

They went on very well,
As I have heard tell,
Till Miss Take brought in Miss Understand-
ing.
Miss Conjecture then guessed
Evil things of the rest,
And Miss Counsel advised their disbanding.

—*The Advance.*

LET'S GO AND ASK HER.

"MISS Lacy, may I speak to Ellen?"
The teacher looked down
Through her near-sighted glasses at the little petitioner, and smiled.

"Is it anything about your lesson, Juliet?" she asked.

"No ma'am," answered Juliet, hanging her head.

"Well, never mind, if you'll speak very easy and not disturb the class, you may go and sit by Ellen for five minutes."

Away sped the little maid in great good humor, and climbed up to the bench where Ellen sat dangling her slippers and feet and clocked stockings. You would not have thought such a sweet, smiling, little mouth as Juliet's could be bent on mischief, but listen; what is it she came to say?

"Agnes Irvine is going to have a party," she whispered.

"Is she?" Ellen whispered back. "How nice! When is it to be?"

"Saturday; but she isn't going to ask us."

"How do you know?"

"Oh, Hennie says so; she says Fannie told her that Agnes said we were no account."

Ellen's fair little face flushed, and her blue eyes snapped angrily. "I didn't think Agnes could be so mean," she exclaimed.

"Nor I, either; and she makes out she is such a good friend of ours."

"I guess I won't speak to her any more—ever."

"And we can't have any more good times playing paper dolls under the porch steps."

Juliet was getting almost tearful at the loss of one of her best friends.

"Juliet," said Ellen, suddenly, "did Fannie hear Agnes say we were no account?"

"I—I don't know," said Juliet, taken aback.

"Because maybe there is some mistake about it; let's go and ask Agnes."

Ask Agnes! Juliet's breath was taken away. "Oh no, I wouldn't for anything," she said. "It would make me feel bad."

"It will make me feel a great deal better," said Ellen, reckless of grammar, "to think Agnes said a mean thing about us when maybe she didn't."

"Suppose she did, though, how will you feel to have her say it to your face?"

But Ellen, who had been very angry for a minute, was getting back her sweet, lovely spirit. "I am going to suppose she didn't," she insisted, "and if I should be wrong, why I couldn't be anything but sorry, and I'm sorry now."

"Five minutes are up, little talkers," said Miss Lacy, and Juliet slipped down off the high bench and went back to her own seat. Her little heart was beating quite fast at the thought of what would happen at recess, when Ellen asked Agnes to her face if she had said that dreadful thing.

Nothing dreadful happened, however. Ellen took Agnes off to herself behind the lilac bush, and told her quite gently and sweetly, that she had heard—"I think she did not mention Hennie or Fannie—that Agnes had said this strange thing about Juliet and herself, but she thought there must be some mistake, and so she had just made up her mind to ask Agnes."

At first Agnes looked puzzled, and then she broke into a merry, ringing laugh, and said she knew just how the tale had started.

"I was counting up the girls to be invited to my party, by cards, you know, and I said, 'I won't send any to Ellen and Juliet, they don't count; you see I meant just to ask you myself, 'cause you are like home folks.'"

"Yes, I see," said Ellen, laughing in her turn; "wasn't it too funny for anybody to think you said we were no account? But I am so glad I asked you."

"Oh, just suppose you hadn't!" cried Agnes, looking distressed. "It would have entirely spoiled the party!"

"Well, we needn't suppose any such thing," laughed Ellen, with her soft little arm round Agnes' neck. "But I've made up my mind that every time I hear anything like that I'll just go and ask."

And do you know, if all of us Ellens and Juliets would take it for granted there was some mistake about the evil things we hear, we could put up a white flag of peace over our town, for quarrels would be pretty much banished.—*Presbyterian.*

Editorial.

DEATH OF DR. STRONG.

PROF. JAMES STRONG, S. T. D., LL. D., a successful teacher, an eminent Biblical scholar and an extensive author, was born in New York city, Aug. 14, 1822, and died suddenly of heart failure at Round Lake, August 7, 1894. Dr. Strong had a varied and influential history as an educator and author and as one of the most distinguished members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Thomas Strong, his father, came from England in 1815 and died in New York, leaving his son an orphan at an early age. In the city schools he acquired a good preparatory education, and in 1839 began the study of medicine. On account of ill health, however, he relinquished the study, but soon after entered Wesleyan University, from which he was graduated in 1844. He taught two years at Poughkeepsie, when again ill health obliged him to retire to a farm in Newtown, L. I., and a year and a half later to Flushing, where he held various local offices, and continued his Biblical studies, teaching classes gratuitously in Greek and Hebrew. He was a leading mover in the construction of the Flushing, now the Long Island, railroad, of which he was for some time president.

In 1859-'61 Dr. Strong was professor of Biblical literature and acting president of the Troy University, where he delivered the inaugural on scholastic and Biblical interpretation. On the failure of that institution, he returned to Flushing; and since 1868 had been professor of exegetical theology in Drew Theological Seminary. In 1866 his Alma Mater honored him with the title of D. D. and in 1881 with that of LL. D. He traveled in Egypt and Palestine in 1874 in order to perfect his knowledge of Bible lands, the results of which were found most helpful in his class work in the Seminary and in the preparation of his Biblical works.

Dr. Strong was best known to the public by his books. He was the author of "Our Lord's Life," "Manual of the Gospels," "Greek in a Nutshell," "Doctrine of a Future Life," "Sketches of Jewish Life in the First Century," "Irenics," "Sacred Idylls," "The Tabernacle of Israel," "The Student's Commentary on Ecclesiastes," and other works. The Books of Daniel and Esther in the American edition of Lange's Commentary were edited by him. He is known everywhere as one of the editors of McClinton and Strong's Cyclopaedia of Biblical, theological and ecclesiastical literature (10 volumes, 1867-1881), with two supplemental volumes recently issued. In the preparation of the first three volumes of this work, begun in 1853, he was the associate of Dr. McClinton, its projector, but after his death Dr. Strong became the sole editor of the remaining seven volumes and supplement. His last work, just issued, is "The Exhaustive Concordance of the Bible," a work of herculean labor, great accuracy and varied learning. These two last-named works are monumental and will carry his name honorably down to posterity.

Dr. Strong was a staunch though not a bigoted Methodist. He took a deep interest in all the affairs of the church, especially in education and literature. He was a master in Biblical exposition, unexcelled in his own church, perhaps in any other. He favored lay delegation, but was a little belated in his views on the admission of women to the General Conference. He was himself a member of the General Conference which admitted laymen. He leaves a widow, two sons and two daughters.

IMPATIENCE OF OPINION.

IMPATIENCE of opinion—the state of mind which refuses to listen quietly to the expression of sentiments at variance with its own—is a pretty sure mark of weakness. Those who indulge in it are more than half conscious that they are unable to maintain their ground by calm, straightforward argument, and thence they bring in the force of strong assertion to help them out. In the absence of convincing reasons, or of the skill to marshal them aright, they try to bear down an opponent by the strength of their will or the volume of their voice. They endeavor by the impetuosity of their attack to cover up the real feebleness of their battalions. This maneuver is so very common that it is usually seen through by the cool by-stander, if not by the person against whom it is used, and the fear of this makes the person using it all the more ruffled and provoked.

Impatience of opinion is incipient intolerance. It is the deadly foe of the impartial

interchange of thought which is so important an element of culture. It strangles that free and fair discussion by which so much of truth has been struck out and rightly eliminated from closely attendant error. It is an insult to man, and a sin against God. It involves impudent assumption and insufferable presumption. It makes a man intensely disagreeable and supremely ridiculous. It betrays a lack of trust in the divine might of truth, a total failure of confidence in the power of sober persuasion. It is evil, and only evil, and that continually. He who has allowed himself to become addicted to it should spare no pains to throw off its yoke and have done with it forever.

SEEMING THE GOSPEL.

"I've heard the Gospel for fifty years," exclaimed a good brother, whose works of charity and mercy were known throughout the community where he lived. "What I want now is to see a little more of it before I die!"

That was a significant utterance. It touches the great need of modern Christianity—more doing, less doctrine. We have all heard the Gospel till we know it by rote and by rhythm. But have we seen enough of the Gospel to make embodied Bible doctrines familiar? Most of us know the beatitudes by heart. How many of us know them by observation? "It is more blessed to give than to receive." How often we hear that! Do we see it—do we exemplify it—very often?

Concrete gospel is what we want nowadays—gospel that is visible to the naked eye; gospel that doesn't require a microscope to discover its own good works; gospel in the street, gospel in the shop, gospel in the home. We want to see men acting like brothers, as well as preaching brotherhood and sitting under the everlasting indissolubility of brotherhood. We want to see common honesty in business and in politics, more than we need to hear uncommon saintliness enjoined from the pulpit. The world is full of the echoes of the Gospel, but there are precious few substantial gospel examples walking around where we can see them.

Never in the history of Christ's church was there more need of actual, genuine, practical, embodied piety; never was there less need of the multiplication of creeds, theories and exordiums. The Christian employer who shakes his employee's hand with an honest, manly, hearty grip, treats him as a man and brother, and scorns to jew him out of honest wage, is doing more good in the world—the present hard-conditioned, prosaic, utilitarian, dollar-grasping world—than any group of theologians who might be named.

Less Gospel enunciation—more Gospel realization, that is what we want, brethren. Are we chiefly helping people to hear the Gospel, or are we helping them to see it? Both are good, but for these days, and this great world-crisis, surely doing is better than any kind or amount of exegesis.

OUR ITALIAN MISSION.

IN his "Italian Mission," whose full title is given in the foot-note, Dr. Stackpole has furnished a bold and suggestive book. The criticism is a severe indictment of the policy and methods of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church and its agents in the Italian field. If we may rely at all upon the report of facts therein given, the methods employed in our mission work in Italy have not only been unwise, but have totally failed to attain the ends designed in the establishment of the Mission. The book contains, not a mere theory, but a body of facts with their natural exposition; and they are withal facts produced by a competent witness, who speaks out of his own experience and personal observation. For more than a quadrennium he was connected with the Mission, and as head of the Theological School in Florence he had abundant opportunity to study the methods and results of labor in the Mission. He visited all the stations in the kingdom, and became intimately acquainted with many of the details of administration, and he is thus able to speak not only with fullness of knowledge, but with an assurance which comes from personal acquaintance.

With his knowledge and convictions, he could not fail to make his criticism. The cause, not less than his own conscience, demanded the utterance. To reveal defects is often more important than to appreciate and commend what is excellent. Criticism

* FOUR AND A HALF YEARS IN THE ITALIAN MISSION. A Criticism of Missionary Methods. By Rev. Everett S. Stackpole, D. D. Published by the author, Lewiston, Me.

has a good as well as a bad side. While laying bare our weaknesses and defects, it impresses us with the importance of an adequate remedy. Our author holds, with Bishop Thoburn, that the work abroad as well as at home reaps advantage from friendly criticism. Bad methods are sometimes adopted, and good ones are adhered to long after they have ceased to be useful. Once in use, we do not always find it easy to lay them aside. In such a case, the services of the critic are invaluable. He lays bare the essential facts, and sets his tactical knowledge over against our fine-spun and unsubstantial theories.

The criticism of Bishop Thoburn produced a revolution in our India Missions. As a practical man, familiar with our work in the East, he saw that new conditions demanded new methods for carrying on the work of God. He clearly saw that the old methods were failures, even though missionary secretaries, Bishops and platform orators persisted in calling them successes. The reiteration of the sentiment on the platform, for the thousandth time, could never succeed in transforming failure into success. So the good Bishop concluded to call the failure by its true name. Until men saw the old was a failure, they could not be induced to accept the better new; but when once the old was abandoned, a better plan of evangelization was adopted, which has renewed the life and multiplied the number of converts in all those missions.

Like our Missionary Bishop, Dr. Stackpole believes in the virtue of criticism. He believes the managers of our missions in Italy have been long enough calling failure success, and that the time has fully come to use the critical knife to cut away the dead wood and afford room for a better growth. The original plan of the Italian Mission, he thinks defective. He would take us back to fundamental principles and have us rear the superstructure according to the pattern shown in the mount. As interpreted by Wesley, the church is a congregation of faithful men; preachers and people must be converted and spiritual; the religion must be inside, a sentiment of the heart rather than a speculation of the brain. Religion is a life rather than a mere creed or form. To Methodists, forms are merely incidental and liable to prove a hamper rather than an aid to devotion. To the form of godliness there must needs be added the power. In our Italian Mission he thinks much of this interior furnishing is wanting. There is the form without the power. The husk is mistaken for the ear within.

All this came about very naturally in the inception and growth of the work. At its organization in 1872, the Mission found favor both at home and abroad. There was a blare of trumpets at home on finding there was much loose material about the fallen throne of the Pope. New members could be picked up in each side street. Under such circumstances, it was not difficult for fervid imaginations to paint the not distant day when the majority of the Italian people would enter the fold constructed by Wesley and when ecumenical Methodism would hold her Quadrennial Conference in the city of the Caesars. Of course, with these rare openings, the slow methods of our missions to the heathen need not be adopted. Members flocked to us unasked; and, as to preachers, more offered than could be accepted. In an incredibly short time the church in Florence ran up to 200 members. In other missions we had been obliged to begin small, to secure at first a few conversions and by a slow process train a native ministry; but here we had both members and ministry furnished to hand.

The result of this scooping process has been what might have been anticipated. We have a list of members who know very little about experimental religion. They are not really Methodists in their convictions and inner purpose; they are unwilling to abandon the wine cup or the amusements of their old life; their voices are seldom heard in the class or prayer-meetings; they have got away from the Pope without getting very near to Jesus Christ. The success in accumulating members has really been a hindrance to the progress of the kingdom of God. Quantity has been substituted for quality, and as is natural the members have in most places to be weeded out, or they fall away of their own accord. The pictures given of the churches are lugubrious in the extreme; not that they are composed of bad people, but of those who have so little apprehension of the nature of true religion and of the grand purpose of the Christian life.

The views given of the ministry are equally discouraging. More than half the members of the Conference are ex-priests and nearly the other half are ex-Walden-

sians, only one was converted in the Methodist Episcopal Church; not one was educated in her schools or trained for her ministry. In an emphatic sense, it is an imported ministry. All this would be quite immaterial if men of the right qualifications had been secured. But there is the rub. The Waldensian contribution contains good material; but their Christianity tends to the head rather than the heart. They are cold and speculative, like most of the Calvinistic preachers of a century ago. The ex-priests present another type. Like the Waldensians, they are often well educated and attend well to the formal services in the congregation; they do not find it so easy to visit the flock or to associate with the poor. The old habits of their priestly life cling to them. They find it much easier to deal with the forms than to enter into the spirit of our holy religion.

With such a ministry what could John Wesley have done? How far could he have carried forward the Methodist movement? Fortunately the clergy would not in any number go with him; the success of Methodism came through the lay preachers. If they had small Latin and less Greek, they knew the Gospel and the experimental way of salvation. In our German mission they never had an ex-priest, or an ex-Lutheran; like Wesley they take the men converted at their altars and educate them for their ministers. This must be the process with every live church. A church unable to raise up her own ministers can never become a spiritual power. Facts like the above explain the inefficiency of our Italian Mission. A thousand priests would come to us if we could use them and afford them a good salary, but we have too many already.

For these grave defects Dr. Stackpole points out several items which must enter into the remedy.

First of all, there must be secured a spiritual membership. In missions as in the home church we must have converted persons. To abandon the papacy is not enough to make good Methodists or Christians; there must be a heart work and a new life. To secure so desirable an end there must be a converted and a spiritual ministry. An unspiritual ministry can insure only a dead church. As the preacher, so is the hearer. To gain this vantage-ground we should have ten or twenty live men transferred from America to form a Methodist nucleus to the Conference. And with this there should be a theological school to train native preachers. The church in Italy will never thrive by borrowing; as in our other missions, we must create a native and a spiritual ministry. The Italian church needs a Methodist hymn-book. We have used for the most part Waldensian hymns, which are usually the creations of the intellect, while a Methodist hymn is born of the heart. There are warmth and gush in it. Though in the land of art and classic song, our Italian church has not learned to sing in the jubilant way taught by our great founder. It never sings lustily. In its music, as in everything else, it is cold and stiff and proper.

There are difficulties in the way of our Italian work—the Latin race, the priests, the Pope, the devil and the greater demon of indifference; but with the new equipments suggested there are grand possibilities for a powerful, spiritual Methodism in Italy. But we must go down to bed-rock and build by the old process. There is no royal road to success in the mission work in Italy. In every land the mission must be a new creation, a fresh spiritual life introduced and diffused among the people. Our experiment shows that Italy can form no exception to the rule.

In conclusion, we welcome the hints, suggestions, criticisms and facts given in Dr. Stackpole's brochure. However unwelcome to some parties, they awaken thought and tend to correct bad methods of carrying on our mission work.

Byrant, Our First American Poet.

IN our American literature the name of Bryant has long been recognized as a fixed star of the first magnitude. Others have arisen, attracting the attention of both the commonalty and scholars, but their great qualities have served in no way to dim the glory of our first really American poet. Others had indeed preceded him in the use of the poetic art, but they were not American in taste or type; their meagre productions were imitations of English schools of poetry; and, for the most part, the poetry which preceded the productions of Bryant was of the machine order; the writers were often scholars who knew how to marshal language according to metrical law without the poetic affluence. Even where flashes of true genius were found, the law of the older poets was followed in its outworking. The material was

too often English and the mode of construction was invariably so.

Bryant himself, whose father was a scholar and an admirer of the English poets, was trained in the English school of Pope and Cowper, then much read by the cultivated class in America. He aspired to nothing beyond the range of these masters of song. But his genius was not to be circumscribed by the older limitations. Without knowing precisely what he was doing, the young poet of our Massachusetts hills advanced into broader and richer fields and became the leader of an American school of poetry. Others were to follow him in the cultivation of the great acreage, while the honor of being the first really American poet was to remain his personal possession. The themes of Bryant were American, and in studying them he occupied the American point of view. A New Englander at once recognizes the scenery and allusions of his poems and feels the force of his illustrations and the putting of his points. It is an American that speaks and the great continent with its wealth of ideas is ever rising up in the foreground. The reader without at first noticing it passes from the England of Pope, Cowper and Milton to the America of Washington, Jefferson and Adams; from a land of privileged classes to a country where the common laborer ruled as a king, making laws and administering affairs in the interest of the common weal.

William Cullen Bryant, this new force in our literature, distinguished as a journalist, honored as a citizen of the Republic and cherished as a man of letters, was born in the Massachusetts hill town of Cummington, Nov. 3, 1794, and died in New York, June 12, 1878. The present completes his hundredth year. His centennial would naturally fall on his natal day, but November is unfavorable for such a gathering in a place so out of the way as that of his birth; and to avoid the difficulty of the season the family determined some months ago to have the celebration August 16th under the old roof-tree of the Snells and Bryants in Cummington. Parke Godwin, the poet's son-in-law, himself a literary man, is to preside. Charles Dudley Warner and Julia Ward Howe, with we know not how many other distinguished people and people undistinguished, are to be present. The occasion possesses no little interest for persons who have enjoyed the contributions of the poet to our literature. The presence of John Howard Bryant, the poet's youngest and only surviving brother, himself no mean poet, is an attractive card, especially as he is to read on the occasion "Thanatopsis," written on that very spot when the poet was only eighteen years old, and celebrated as the one poem which opened a new era in American literature. The American school of poetry dates from its publication in the *North American Review* in 1817.

In our estimate of Bryant it is not to be forgotten that he was much more than a poet. The man took precedence of the literature, poetry serving only as an occasional recreation. He will be long remembered for his sterling worth and for his severe yet noble New England traits of character. He was trained in the old school of stern principle and of steady habits. He was a Puritan, but an advanced Puritan—less narrow, crabbier and intense than the typical character; yet a Puritan, accomplished with education and broadened by association with the leading people of society in our metropolitan city. These wider associations, however, never tended to undermine the severity of principle; he invariably stood for what was best and noblest, in private, social and political life.

As a citizen Bryant occupied a highly honorable position. The truthfulness of his manhood came out no less distinctly in his relations to the public than in private life. He was a patriot of the first water, cherishing an intense love of the whole country, and especially of the free institutions established by the fathers. Though a Democrat in politics, he was the blind follower of no party. He carried his "sovereignty under his own hat," he believed in party, he believed also in the right of the individual to criticize and correct the aberrations of party; he carried the right of private judgment into politics as well as religion. Though a Democratic journal, the *Evening Post* (on which he made his success) was also a personal organ; it expressed the views of William C. Bryant even when they failed to accord with those of his party. The party platform was not his ultimate law; the party platform and measures must harmonize with his own best judgment in order to receive his support. The candor of his political articles was something phenomenal, and made him a power with the better elements of his party. He had many readers who accepted his statements as next in authority to those of the Bible. The weight of character in the background gave added force to both his statements and arguments. If unable to understand the whole, the reader felt quite sure he was following the deliverances of a judge who was both wise and good.

But this part of the life of Bryant is destined to recede more and more into the background and to be forgotten by the living generations; he is known even now, not as the editor, as the occasional orator, or as the honorable citizen, but as the poet. His writings in prose belong to the past, both in topic and treatment; his poems are of today and the future. They contain indestructible elements and are hence destined to endure as long as American literature finds a reader. His masterpieces can never be blotted out; the world of coming men, able to appreci-

ate genius and disposed to patronize the muse, will not suffer them to perish.

Bryant, as the corypheus of American song, is a nature poet. He lay upon the bosom of the earth, felt her heart-beats and heard her inner voices. Unlike Longfellow, who tipped the surface of sea and sky and earth with classic graces of style, Bryant penetrates below the surface and interprets the significance of the field of nature with which he deals. As with Innis, the great American landscape painter, who has just departed, there are depth and body in his pictures. He is serious, meditative, waiting to catch and embody what is permanent rather than what is transient. There is philosophy in his poetry; he deals with man not so much as a transient individual as with the web of social life in the process of weaving in the loom of Providence. The appearances on the surface interested him less than the impenetrable background in which God, the All-worker, yet the invisible and inscrutable, hides Himself; but he was able to see only for a glorious moment "the brightness of the skirts of God." The serious reader alone understands Bryant, but to such a temper his poems present a wealth greater than that of gold and rubies.

Of course, such a character implies limitations. His genius was never productive or spontaneous. Reflection and meditation were indispensable to satisfactory results; he must brood over the subject before the deeper lines of thought would fashion themselves in language. The waters of life, for which he sought, never flowed by his door; he had to dig and blast till he touched the crystal springs which sent forth healing and invigorating streams.

Personals.

—Bishop Hurst will probably arrive home from Europe by September 1. He expects to meet his Conference.

—Miss Clara Cushman will spend the time from Aug. 17 to Sept. 10 in the East Maine Conference, under the direction of Mrs. L. F. Chase, the new Conference secretary.

—Rev. Henry J. Pope has been appointed fraternal delegate from the Irish Wesleyan Conference to the Methodist Conference of Canada, which will be held in London, Ontario, beginning Sept. 6.

—The *Pittsburg Christian Advocate* says that Rev. W. F. Oldham has reconsidered his purpose to return at once to India, and on account of the health of relatives in this country has indefinitely postponed his return.

—A list of the honorary members of the Local Preachers' Association of Great Britain includes the names of Mr. Percy W. Bunting, editor of the *London Contemporary Review*, Lady Henry Somerset, Rev. Dr. Lunn, and Rev. Dr. Riggs.

—Solomon Thatcher, sr., died at his home in River Forest, Ill., last week. Mr. Thatcher was born Oct. 28, 1826, near Canandaigua, N. Y., and moved to Chicago in 1868. He, with his wife, was converted and joined the Methodist Church in 1833.

—Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D., said recently: "I have personally and naturally a frail physical constitution, but I have stood nearly fifty years' unbroken work, with plenty of sound sleep, and never a drop of alcohol, and never yet spent a Lord's day on my bed."

—Rev. W. H. B. Urch, formerly of Albion College, Michigan, and until recently connected with the Malaysian Mission at Singapore, is now in this country, and expects to resume work here. The climate of Malaysia did not agree with him and it was deemed prudent for him to change.

—The *Northwestern* of Aug. 8th says: "Rev. Dr. H. W. Bolton, pastor of Centenary Church, Chicago, occupied his pulpit last Sunday for the first time in four months. Dr. Bolton has been a great sufferer, and it gratifies his members and many friends to know that he has recovered health, and is able to resume pastoral labors. In this we sympathize."

—The president-elect of Brazil, Dr. Prudente de Moraes Barros, was a patron of the Southern Methodist College in that country, and his daughters, now the foremost ladies of the South American Republic, owe a large part of their culture and fitness for their position in life to the work of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

—Bowdoin College, at its recent Commencement, conferred the degree of D. D. on Rev. J. R. Day, chancellor of Syracuse University. Dr. Day was a member of the class of 1874 of that institution, but was obliged to leave the college before graduating on account of his health. He was then supposed to be a certain victim of quick consumption. His name was also ordered entered in the general catalogue with his class.

—We are gratified to note that the *Methodist Advocate-Journal* of Chattanooga has a returning sense of fairness and fraternity, as is evidenced by the following editorial paragraph: "The Nashville *Christian Advocate* says it declines to say anything in reply to our comments on the article of its editor in *Zion's Herald* or on the dubious subject of Federation. We have no fault to find with Dr. Hoss for his prudence, or for anything else. Whatever his views about our work may be, it must never be lost sight of that he is a brother in Christ Jesus, a gentleman, and worthy not only of the confidence but also of the love of the great church he so ably represents."

—Fletcher Newhall, of Everett, renews his subscription to *Zion's Herald*, having taken the paper consecutively for 33 years.

—Bishop Galloway of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, reached Yokohama safely, the steamer on which he sailed making the trip in fifteen days.

—Bishop Wilson is in Brazil and recently presided at the session of the Annual Conference of the Brazilian Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at Rio de Janeiro.

—The statement is current that ex-Gov. St. John will soon leave Topeka for New York, where he will become the general manager of the total abstinence department of a life insurance company.

—The death of Miss Maria A. West, many years a missionary in Constantinople, and author of "The Romance of Missions," is announced. Miss West was born in Palmyra, N. Y., and was widely and justly honored throughout the missionary world.

—Clair Wilbur, a missionary in Central America, died of fever, June 20, at Granada, on the shores of Lake Nicaragua. He, with three other missionaries, was making a six months' trip distributing tracts and Bibles. He was a graduate of Ohio Wesleyan University.

—Rev. L. G. Horton, of Haven M. E. Church, East Providence, and Rev. W. R. Davenport, of the M. E. Church at Barre, Vt., exchanged pulpits the first two Sundays in August. This arrangement gave both pastors a radical change of atmosphere and environment, and both congregations a change of talent. Why should not such interchanges be more frequent, so that pastor and pastor's wife could get much-needed recreation and still not leave their people shepherdless.

—The *Northwestern* observes: "One of the finest sweet-pea farms in this country is that of Rev. N. G. Axtell, at Evanston, Ill. Bro. Axtell was a member of the Maine Conference, and about five years ago came West, making his home in the beautiful college city near Chicago. He began to raise sweet peas for pleasure, and was gradually led to raise them as a business. So extensive is his garden that he can pick 50,000 flowers a day. They are greatly in demand for sale in Chicago, because of their unusual size and beauty and the numerous varieties."

—Rev. E. M. Smith, D. D., of the Vermont Methodist Seminary, is called back to Maine this week to officiate at the wedding of two of his former teachers. Under Dr. Smith's vigorous and dignified administration the Montpelier school is rapidly gaining in numbers and prestige. Extensive improvements in the line of plumbing have been made at the boarding-houses and everything is being put in trim for the fall term, for which an unusually large attendance is already booked. A new and experienced teacher has been added to the force in the Commercial department to meet the growing demands.

—Rev. Crandall J. North, presiding elder of the New Haven District, sends the following painful intelligence under date of Aug. 11: "Rev. W. P. Arbuckle, M. A., of the New York East Conference, pastor at Shelton, Conn., died here this morning. He had been in attendance upon the New Haven District Camp-meeting at Plainville during the last week and taken a prominent part in its work. Friday afternoon, soon after conducting a large young converts' meeting, he was seized with stricture of the bowels followed by heart failure, and died after a twelve hours' illness. The announcement of his death just as the people were assembling for the closing session of the camp-meeting transformed love-feast rejoicing into a sad memorial service. He was one of the ablest and most devoted young preachers of our Conference, and his loss seems almost irreparable."

—We are so much pleased with the following letter received from Rev. Charles B. Mitchell, D. D., of Grand Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, Kansas City, Mo., that we venture to give it to our readers: "I see in the *Herald* the announcement of my invitation to the presidency of our college at Winfield, Kansas. Will you kindly announce that I have no thought of accepting; that I consider no honor equal to that of the successful pastor. I do not think anything could tempt me to leave the pastorate. For the highest success of our church, and for the best development of our men, the church should place more emphasis upon the pastor and less on the holders of ecclesiastical offices."

—The funeral of Rev. Dr. Strong took place from the auditorium at Round Lake, Aug. 8, and was remarkably impressive. The body was conveyed from the Burnham House by the following pall-bearers: Rev. Dr. William Griffin, Dr. Joseph E. King, Professor J. C. Van Benschoten, Dr. H. C. Farrar, Rev. William H. Grost, Dr. H. A. Butts, Professor E. J. Myer, Professor William G. Ward, Professor I. J. Paritz, Rev. Dr. Halloran, Professor N. W. Clark, Rev. E. J. Guernsey and Rev. J. M. Harris. The services in the big building consisted of an invocation by Rev. T. A. Griffin, Scripture reading by Dr. Gates, short addresses by Dr. William Griffin, Dr. J. E. King, Dr. H. C. Farrar, Dr. A. D. Vall, Dr. Henry Graham, and Dr. H. A. Butts, with prayer by Dr. H. A. Starks and singing by the Troy Conference glee club, while fifty ministers followed the hearse in procession—certainly an attendance of clergymen with which even a funeral of the most distinguished personage is rarely honored.

Brieflets.

We are quite willing that this issue of *Zion's Herald* shall be examined as a sample copy. The contributions are particularly varied, interesting and instructive.

The committee on public meetings of the New England Branch of the W. F. M. S. are already at work upon the program for the annual meeting, to be held in Worcester, Oct. 10 and 11. An unusual feast is anticipated, as the following missionaries have been invited to take part in the exercises: Miss Hale, Miss Danforth, Dr. Sheldon, Dr. Christianity, Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Hauser and also Mrs. Gracey.

Dr. Trafton's series of contributions are of special interest, but that which appears in this issue will stir deeply many vivid memories.

We are indebted to the *Christian Advocate* for the following important explanatory statement: "Inquiries continue to come in concerning a statement set afloat by the Associated Press, that 'Rev. Mr. Fischer, pastor of the American Methodist Episcopal Church in Rome, has become a Catholic, and has been duly baptized in that faith.' There is no such name on the roll of members of our Italy Conference. Rev. Giacomo Carboneri is the pastor of the First Church in Rome; the Second Church was left at Conference time 'to be supplied.' No information of the defection of any person from our church to the Roman Catholic Church in Italy has been received, and the story is believed to be a canard."

Bishop Merrill's views upon sanctification, which are to appear in two contributions in our columns, the first of which is published in this number, should be carefully studied by all of our readers. We have not for many a day read anything so comprehensive, well balanced and instructive. The best way to avoid error is to become acquainted with the truth.

The *Chautauqua Assembly Herald* of Aug. 7 contains this instructive paragraph: "An interesting incident occurred yesterday. Two veterans, one of the blue, one of the gray, shook hands over the bloody chasm. One was a cavalryman who followed Morgan in his famous raid; the other one of the Union men who pursued so hotly and so desperately through the long days. These two men had a friendly talk ending in a 'God bless you' and a handshake. Thus Chautauqua helps to heal the old wounds."

Dr. Steele's able and lucid contribution on page 4 clears away many of the misconceptions which have become current upon economic questions relating to a "living wage."

C. B. Littleton, writing "for the M. E. Ministers' Association of Little Rock, Ark.," under date of Aug. 7, says: "In your issue of Aug. 1 you publish Dr. M. L. Curi's article relative to our work in the South, replying to an article by Dr. E. E. Hoss on the same subject. A note at the head of the column states that the article is published by request of the Methodist Episcopal Preachers' Meeting of Little Rock. In this you are wrong. Our Association requested Dr. Curi to answer Dr. Hoss' article and endorsed his work in so doing; but after its being written it did not, as one would infer from your note, pass under our notice. Please make this correction."

Rev. R. F. Chew, writing upon "Two Methodisms in the Same Field," found on page 15, gives indubitable evidence that "Federation" ought speedily to become an actualized fact.

"We know that God heareth not sinners;" and we also know that God does hear sinners, for otherwise who could be saved. The plea of the penitent publican will always be heard; but "if I regard iniquity in my heart the Lord will not hear me." It is always right to call on God for help in forsaking evil and getting better. But to pray hypocritically, while having no purpose to abandon our sins, is abomination in His sight. So God hears sinners and hears them not. The Bible abounds in similar so-called contradictions, which are made much of by caviling critics, but which are very easily explained.

Page 11 contains an attractive letter from Saratoga, the last of Miss Eva Kilbreth Foster's characteristic letters from the far West and an important communication from Miss Clara Cushman.

John Fletcher speaks of "being night and day always on the stretch for God." It is a good phrase. Paul's expression in Phil. 3: 13 fully justifies it. He says (R. V.): "Stretching forward to the things which are before, I press on." This denotes a very high degree of intense earnestness. It points to the racer as he dashes on with heart bounding, blood at fever heat, hope high kindled, determination at full pitch, and all his physical and mental powers in full play. Surely nothing less than this is fitting, in view of the wonderful "things which are before," as well as the marvelous love of Christ which is behind.

The contribution of Warren P. Adams, upon "The Bromfield St. Church Problem," appearing on the 4th page, will enable our readers to apprehend the real situation and what is involved in perpetuating the present system of management of a valuable property which has come as an inheritance to Boston and suburban Methodism.

The Sunday School.

THIRD QUARTER. LESSON IX.

Sunday, August 20.

John 2: 1-11.

Rev. W. O. Hotway, U. S. N.

FIRST MIRACLE OF JESUS.

I. Preliminary.

1. Golden Text: *This beginning of miracles did Jesus, in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth His glory.*—John 2: 11.

2. Date: A. D. 27. February or March; four days after the last lesson.

3. Place: Cana of Galilee, not far from Nazareth.

4. Home Readings: Monday—John 2: 1-11. Tuesday—Mark 7: 1-9. Wednesday—John 18: 8-14. Thursday—Mark 3: 14-20. Friday—Matt. 11: 1-4. Saturday—John 17: 1-11. Sunday—Rev. 3: 14-23.

II. Introductory.

Our Evangelist continues his diary. These first days with Jesus were so hallowed and memorable that he gives to each its separate record. Here we have another leaf, omitted by the three previous writers, perhaps because they were not among the five disciples thus far called and could therefore have no personal knowledge of these occurrences. In this lesson our Lord conducts His followers, not to a gloomy retreat and a round of austere duties, but to a social gathering of the most joyful kind—to the festivities of an Eastern wedding—and there confirms their faith and fulfills the promise made to Nathaniel (1: 50) by working His first miracle.

It was towards evening, apparently, when Jesus arrived with His disciples. His mother had preceded Him; and the bridegroom, it seems probable, was a kinsman. The festivities were in satisfactory progress when, suddenly, a mortifying discovery was made: The wine was running short. To avert such a disgrace Mary found instant hope in the thought of her Son. Surely the time for His manifestation, for which she had waited for thirty long years, had now come. He had already gathered followers. It was quite in accordance with Jewish notions that guests should contribute to festivities like these. A vision of what He might do if only He knew the facts in the case, mingled, perhaps, with a grain or two of maternal complacency, led her to go to Him and say significantly, "They have no wine." Her suggestion was met with something of the sternness with which He had repelled Satanic solicitation in His recent sojourn in the wilderness. As far back as His twelfth year He had reminded His mother that His Father's business took precedence of filial obligations; and He reminds her now, by calling her, not "mother," but "woman," that the earthly tie, precious as it was to both, must cease its influence. His Father alone can give the signal. Till then His "hour" had not come.

It seemed to come, however, just as soon as He had thus subordinated all fleshly claims upon His actions. The signal from on high was apparently given. Mary told the servants to obey His orders. He directed them to fill with water the six large earthen jars in the outer court, used for purifying purposes. They complied, filling them to the brim. Then, without delay, and with no parade of power, He bade them "draw" and carry to "the ruler of the feast," that he might sample it and distribute it to the guests. They obeyed, and drew forth, not water, but wine. So choice was its flavor when the "ruler" tasted it that he commended it aloud, jocularly telling the bridegroom that he had reversed the usual order in serving the best wine last. This astounding display of power was the first in the series of "signs" which manifested the glory of the Son and confirmed the faith of His disciples.

III. Expository.

1. And the third day—from the call of Philip, mentioned in chap. 1: 43, the day on which Jesus started for Galilee. The second day also was spent on the road; and towards the close of the third day, on Wednesday probably, He arrived with the five disciples at Nazareth (about 80 miles from the Jordan ford); thence on to Cana whither Mary had already gone. A marriage—a rite held in the highest honor by the Jews, and celebrated with great enthusiasm and display. The feast was often prolonged seven days, and a graphic picture of a part of the ceremony is given in the parable of the Virgins. Cana of Galilee—mentioned only by John; not to be confounded with Cana of Asher (Josh. 19: 28); its locality disputed; to be identified either with Kefr Kenna, four or five miles north-east of Nazareth, or with Kanet-el-Jellil, about twice that distance further north. The mother of Jesus was there.—St. John never calls her by name, and never directly mentions either his brother James or himself. Because of this

habitual reticence, and of an old tradition approved by Jerome and adopted by the Mahometans, some suppose that "the beloved disciple" was the bridegroom at this occasion. Others think that some relative or member of our Lord's family, possibly a son of Alphaeus, was the happy man, and thus account for the presence of Mary and her exercise of authority on this occasion. From the utter silence of the Evangelists concerning Joseph after the visit of Jesus to Jerusalem at the age of twelve, it is believed that he was no longer among the living.

2. And both Jesus was called (R. V., "hidden").—Blessed are those feasts at which Jesus is welcomed, and unhallowed those enjoyments to which He is not invited! Jesus generally went where He was bidden, whether to a sick bed or a dinner party. No scene of life was left unvisited where there was a joy to sanctify or a grief to heal. He here shows by His presence that "marriage is honorable," and that the teaching which forbids it is a heresy (1 Tim. 4: 3); that monkish asceticism has no sympathy from Him; and that Christianity is to leaven mankind by mingling with the lump, and not remaining distinct from it.

Jesus wore no leathens' girdle, practised no rigid austerities, like the Baptist (Matt. 11: 18, 19), lived among men and taught them, condescendingly, and whether His pulpit was a hill-top or a boat's deck, beside a well or on a couch at Pharisee Simon's table, it mattered not, if only He could reach the hearts of men, and save the lost. Like its Founder, Christianity should be nobly free, neglecting neither the city's alms, nor the city's palaces, at home alike at feast or funeral, uttering its persuasive truths to every class on every occasion, and working results greater than miracles (W. O. H.).

3. And when they wanted wine (R. V., "and when the wine failed").—For the wine to run short at a wedding was regarded as a stinging disgrace. That it should fail now may have been due to the unexpected addition of Christ's disciples to the guests, and their inability (coming from a long distance) to bring a contribution of wine with them. Mother of Jesus saith . . . no wine.—The mother's motive in thus speaking has been the subject of much speculation. Some see in it a foolish maternal pride, craving a miracle simply that her son might have the honor; others discover a kind consideration for the host's feelings; many imagine that Jesus had done extraordinary things privately before this, and that His mother had found in Him a wise counselor in times of exigency, and therefore appeals to Him now. Without doubt there was an admixture of fond, selfish feelings in her views, and she was thus led to suggest a miracle as a means to supply a need, to repay hospitality, and to glorify her Son before men. But He whom Satan could not tempt to turn stones into bread, must not be tempted by His mother.

4. Woman—respectful, but not filial; a title for "the queenliest," and so used in the classics, but to the mother's heart the point of the predicted sword (Luke 2: 35); also spoken on the Cross and to the Magdalene. What have I to do with thee?—strictly, "what to Me and thee?" This was a colloquial expression much used, and its tone of utterance determined its meaning. Jesus probably gave a tender but firm accent to these words (which resented interference), and His mother understood that she must no longer assume to hasten or otherwise control His movements. There is no Mariolatry taught here. See also Matt. 12: 46-50. Mine hour is not yet come.—Every event in Jesus' life had its "hour"—an hour regulated by unerring wisdom. Everything was done at the time it should be done, and hence our Lord was never in haste, and never had occasion to fret over a neglected duty. There was no compulsion, no drudgery; He freely did His Father's will at the moment. Some suppose from Mary's next words that Jesus emphasized "not yet," and thereby implied that the miracle would be wrought when the time came. On another occasion (7: 8) when His brethren urged Him to go with them to the feast at Jerusalem, His hour had not come; but it came shortly after.

5. Whatsoever He saith, etc.—Mary's meekness shines conspicuously here. She makes no reply to her Son's reproof, but turns to the servants and bids them obey His orders. If no mother was ever so happy and blessed as Mary, none ever suffered more from the exigencies which such a relation brought about.

6. There were set there—at the entrance, or in the outer court, of the house; these words show the minute knowledge of an eye-witness. Six water-pots of stone—not wine jars; and from being so constantly used for purification, excluding the idea of any collusion. Containing two or three firkins apiece.—Reckoning the "firkin" at nine gallons, each stone jar would contain from eighteen to twenty-seven gallons.

7. Fill the water-pots with water.—Water was put in to the brim, as all could see; and wine was drawn out. Water is an ingredient in wine, but water is not wine, and never becomes wine by any process of nature. Olshausen's (or Augustine's) "acceleration hypothesis"—that the conversion of water into wine, which usually occupies a year, was effected on this occasion in a moment—is neither scientific nor true. Nature demands for every gallon of wine she makes a third of a pound of carbon. Wine, therefore, can never result from mere water. How the water became wine at this feast—how one substance became another of different properties—is simply incomprehensible. We call such phenomena which no known law of nature can account for, "miracles." Any attempt to explain them is idle. Being above nature, they are wholly in-

explicable; they appeal not to reason, but to faith. Any attempt to explain them away is nugatory; they stand upon the same basis as other well attested facts. That Jesus had power to produce them will be questioned by no one who accepts the statements in the first chapter of this Gospel. That those He wrought were always beneficent or instructive, never selfish in their purpose, never wrought for mere parade, is evident to the most careless scrutiny.

8. Draw out now.—As no delay is indicated between the filling and the drawing out, the change from water to wine must have been effected instantly. *Lymphæ pulchre Deum vidit et credidit*, as Crashaw says: "The modest water saw its God and blushed." Many contend that no more wine was made than was drawn; just enough to supply the want, and no more. But why, then, the twelve baskets of fragments after the thousands had been fed? Why the immense draught of fishes, breaking the nets and swamping the boats? Why was not the supply regulated by the demand in these cases? Bear unto the governor (R. V., "the ruler")—either a village professional or a guest selected for the purpose.

9. When the ruler . . . tasted.—Says Schaff: "Here the Romish argument in favor of transubstantiation, drawn from this miracle, breaks down. The water had been made wine in form as well as in substance; it looked like wine, and tasted like the best of wine; but the pretended change of bread and wine in the Eucharist contradicts all the senses and is a complete delusion." The water that was made wine—R. V., "the water now become wine." Called . . . bridegroom—spoke to him aloud across the room.

10. Every man at the beginning, etc.—R. V., "Every man setteth on first the good wine;" the opinion of a professional. When the men have well drunk—R. V., "have drunk freely;" or, more exactly, "when they are drunk." There is no indication that the ruler is referring to the present occasion. Then that which is worse—after their sense becomes blunted or palled, so that the guests cannot detect the deterioration in quality. Kept the good wine until now—a parable of the way Christ always acts—not giving the best first, but reserving His choicer blessings till the feast of love has progressed.

11. This beginning of miracles—R. V., "this beginning of His signs." This was the first, and its effects are apparent: It confirmed the faith of the disciples; it revealed the glory of the incarnate Logos; and His lordship over nature; it showed that Christ's ministry was to be one of joy, mercy and peace (compare the first miracle of Moses—turning water into blood—with the first of Jesus); it was done at a marriage, and while it adorned and Christianized that solemn rite, it foreshadowed that mystical union of Christ with His followers which is to have its full consummation, not on earth, but at the marriage-supper of the Lamb.

IV. Inferential.

1. We ought never to go where we cannot take Jesus with us.

2. Jesus sanctifies social and domestic life. Upon all pure enjoyments our Lord smiles. His disciples had been the followers of the ascetic John; they found a different Master in Jesus. He "changed the Old Testament water jars of purification into the New Testament jars of wine and gladness."

3. "Jesus lets no man come to shame who waits for Him" (Cramer).

4. Earthly relationships—even the closest and dearest—must be subordinated to the divine will.

5. "Jesus is often better than His words—never worse" (Henry).

6. "He who waits on God and for God never makes haste."

7. There is no stint in Christ's gifts.

8. Faith is weak at the first. Christians start as "babes."

V. Illustrative.

As to the kind of wine here made, whether fermented or unfermented, there has been much discussion. It is plain that wine of some sort was made. It is certain that the wine was pure, not "fortified" by the addition of distilled spirits, or compounded with poisonous drugs. In the absence of decisive testimony it is, to say the least, highly probable that of the two kinds (or conditions) of wine, Jesus would make the milder: 1, because the simple juice, either natural, or boiled for preservation, is generally preferred to the more stimulating product in wine-growing countries; 2, because it is an exhilarant, and would therefore answer the purpose; 3, because Jesus knew the interdiction of Scripture (Prov. 20: 1; 23: 29-35), and the terrible evils of drunkenness, and would hardly sanction by a miracle the manufacture and use of intoxicants. It may be added that the wine here spoken of was supplied, not from an earthly but from a heavenly vintage; it was therefore exceptional, and wine-makers and drinkers have no right to borrow a license from its use in Cana (W. O. H.).

CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS.

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SARATOGA LETTER.

Rev. H. M. Simpson D. D.

MY attention was, this morning, called to the large number of persons, both men and women, here, who have been in the habit of coming to the Springs year after year consecutively, for half a century. They are some of the happiest and most vigorous—and rigorous too, for that matter—as regards morals, as well as meals and amusements. They are wholesome men and women.

Two events here have just aroused a pretty widespread indignation. One is the encroachment upon the beautiful Union Avenue five o'clock drive, by all sorts of nondescript horseflesh and rattle-trap vehicles, in consequence of the changing of the racing hour from morning to afternoon. The great non-racing majority will make itself felt in defence of its rights vested or otherwise. It is only one of the straws which added one by one will in the end break the back of the Saratoga—as it did the New Jersey—camel.

The other disgrace, which despite recent high temperature has sent the mercury up still higher, is the announcement that the shameless Ingersoll will, on next Sunday night, speak in the Convention Hall, tickets variously to be had for 25, 50 and 75 cents and \$1. For a week past attempts in print seem to have been made to draw fire from the moral-evangelical part of the community. Not even a piteous letter from the infidel's own pen, and over his name, promising that if the people will only go and hear him, he will "say nothing which they ought not to hear," etc., etc., has been able to call forth such protest as would help his cause. The fact is that it is agreed to, by the wise and decent people here, that the lecturer who speaks for revenue only shall pay for whatever advertising he gets. It is not proposed to deal with this shameless man at all. If in this unmanly way he reviles the Christianity which affords him and his family peace, protection, and civilization, that is his matter. After the plague has passed, the settlement will be with whatever ill-advised citizens are found to have hired him for pay, and with the trustees of the Convention Hall, which has been built with the tax-payers' good money, and who are for the most part men who believe in God, honesty and fairness.

On July 30 one of the red-letter sessions of the Ministers' Meeting for the season was held. It need only be said that the paper was read by Rev. Dr. William V. Kelley, editor of our *Bi-Monthly Review*, to indicate the superlative richness and beauty of the production. The topic was "Dreams Which Come True." The words of commendation of the eminent hearers from various parts of the country who were present, were without stint. In showing that in an important sense humanity has been saved by the coming true of its best and happiest dreams, the reader of the paper skillfully differentiated between the worldly-wise plans of Machiavelli and the worldly-foolish methods of Paul and Jesus Christ. It appeared also that the characters of history preannounced with "Behold this dreamer cometh," and "What will this babbling say?" have so hardened and wrought their imaginings into great, benevolent, self-denying and saving results, that the very heathen nations of the world, at a loss for a name for Christianity, have, with a nice discrimination, invented one, and called it followers and missionaries the "Jesus-doctrine-doing-people," and called forth from the Danish writer, Pontoppidan, the complaint that Christianity insists on meddling with everything, and begs that it will retire into seclusion and communion with Thomas à Kempis. The paper led up to the conviction that the disciple of the Lord is not in a trance but wide-awake when he believes, and justifies the proclamation of the Christian philosopher: "I absolutely and peremptorily believe. I say faith is my waking life." He will be fortunate who may hear this address repeated at any time.

Among the charms social and otherwise in the midst of the circle from out of which I write, the lecture of Rev. Dr. F. A. Noble, of Chicago, will not soon be forgotten. It was given in the parlor of Dr. Strong's Sanitarium a few nights since. It would have captured any New England sea-side-resort-and-literary-culture coterie, with or without tea. The topic was "The Story of the Pilgrims of Scrooby and Leyden." It was a curious incident that in the brilliant assemblage gathered from all parts of our land to hear Dr. Noble was found one gentleman who is a direct descendant of Elder Brew-

ster of the "Mayflower." This resort seems ever so increasingly cosmopolitan, that the turning up of any character known to fame or history need cause no surprise. One has but to stand still, and the great procession moves on.

HIGHWAYS AND BY-WAYS.

III.

Eva Kilbreth Foster.

WE have said that the start from Raymond was an early one—it is an early start; yet one finds himself well repaid for any effort thus occasioned. The freshness of the air, the freshness pervading everything, the absence of the sun's hot glow—all this, and more lends to our coaching-trip an indescribable charm, gives to it a delightful flavor. The occasional stopping for a relay of horses is a pleasing incident of the journey. We are glad to stretch ourselves, and still more glad to feel that tired horses are to be relieved, fresh ones taking up the burden at stated intervals, making a total of seventy-two horses in the trip from Raymond to the Valley and back! Surely the memory of such days must ever live with one! We think of rising in the "wee sma'" hours that we may be in readiness to quit the train when it pulls into Raymond, the little "wayside inn" where breakfast is served by a bustling, smiling quartet taken to be father, mother and daughters; the adjustment of luggage in the coach, and then—ah, then, most critical moment—the attempted adjustment of people. Unmindful of the Scripture in any other of its teachings, the man who has not troubled to hurry about speaking for a choice of seats—this dilatory friend—comes strolling up to claim that by virtue (?) of being "last," he shall be "first;" this question is settled by the chart, however.

And now, our driver having spoken the magic word, horses and chariot are in motion. Who are some of our fellow-travelers? The happy man, with his happy family, is among us, and, turning to us with apologies most impressive, proceeds to order the coach-and-four stopped on a precipitous slope that he may pick a clover for "little daughter" or procure a moss-covered branch for "wife!" The enthusiastic, sociable man is also with us; he reminds you every few moments (though one hardly feels the necessity of it) that "just ahead" or "over the left shoulder" or "right behind" is a "fine aspect;" he gives you every possible opportunity, by delicately (?) veiled questioning, to give your whole history right into his keeping. As an off-set to these, however, and as a most decided improvement upon them, the young and enthusiastic and loyal Californian is in our midst; yes, he is quite youthful, is running over with enthusiasm, is full of loyalty to all California, but, above all and beyond all, he is the thorough gentleman, and we enjoy him—count him as an acquisition.

Awahnee, the first ranch-house on our list as we travel into the Valley—Awahnee, when we rein up at its hospitable door for our noon-day meal, seems like an oasis to our travel-stained and travel-worn little party; and during the hour's halt here, one and all make the most of its appetizing larder and of its pleasant, roomy veranda.

For another six hours we are en route; then lighted windows meet our gaze and we find ourselves at Wawona, the second ranch house on our list and the one that is to shelter us over night.

In the cool of the morning we resume our seats on the coach, another day is consumed in covering the rest of the ground, and just at nightfall we pull up at our final destination—the Sentinel Hotel; and even though seen through weary eyes, our surroundings overwhelm us. This hotelery, which is to harbor us for several days to come, has settled itself down on the banks of the Merced River—so close to the water's edge, in fact, that it can almost see itself reflected in the beautiful, clear stream running at its feet. And right within sight and sound, too, we have the Yosemite Falls, so we may well be pleased with our lot.

The Yosemite Falls! How loud is their roar and how madly they leap! Yet what is this that suddenly comes over them—that softens their expression! Some snow has begun to fall—we are looking through a veil and, somehow, what we see, strengthens our belief in a heaven and a God.

After a day's rest little local excursions begin to fill up our program, and some of these excursions savor quite of danger. How great is the attraction which the strange and weird names of these new haunts hold for one and all of us. Yosemite, itself, has been translated into "large, grizzly bear." The trip to Mirror Lake, to see the sun—the beautiful, rising sun—first peep over the shoulder of a mountain and then stretch and stretch till it gains the coveted view of itself in this self-same Mirror Lake—this trip will ever linger in our memory. Then the day given up to trout-fishing—how we enjoyed it! No fish are caught, to be sure; our angling is done in vain. Yet we are sitting on a green slope, our heads rest against a shady tree and our eyes rest on a picturesque "Red man," wielding a pole, like us, on the opposite bank! The Indian's hook proves a veritable magnet—his fish come thick and fast. Next, we find ourselves footing it up and down a mountain; for Vernal Falls will not come to us and, somehow, we feel that we must see every rough-and-tumble inhabitant of the Valley. And now, the more venturesome members of our party have

settled themselves in a saddle—two of them mounting horses and one a mule. They are going to attempt the trail to Glacier Point. How the day drags to the one who remains at home—how full of "leaps" and "plunges" it seems to those who are taking the trail! Beauty and grandeur meet the eye at every turn, of course—so, too, at every turn does the eye see an animal's foot lose its hold and slip off the edge, while only three feet remain on terra firma and, in some miraculous way, keep beast and rider from going over the precipice! Beautiful falls are to be heard on all sides, but louder than these, almost, are the heart-beats of our anxious equestrians! The feat is now accomplished, however, and having returned with every bone intact, the wanderers vote their day a grand success; its unpleasant experiences fading from memory with the setting of the sun and its many delights coming into bold relief.

Our Yosemite days are over and we have taken refuge now in beautiful Santa Barbara. We still have mountains and foot-hills round about us—and we have the great Pacific, too! In the face of all this, surrounded by these beauties, we feel ashamed to even whisper a criticism, but—we do—we do—so miss the soft green lawns with which we have been familiar since childhood days! The wealth of flowers greeting one on every side, surely atones in part for the absence of this same grass; and even the latter meets the gaze in a few instances where irrigation has been resorted to.

While kept in proper repair, yet Santa Barbara's Mission has not undergone the renovating which in so many instances has resulted in a most deplorable loss of all sentiment and picturesque. Surely this Mission has been robbed of none of its charms; the old adobe walls are crowned with a roof of tiles; an old-timey garden, a sort of "campo santo," adjoins the Mission; and although no woman's foot is privileged to tread this sacred ground, yet all women may climb to the Mission's towers and look upon the "forbidden fruit." If they feel so inclined. And what a bit of the Old World and old times Santa Barbara seems when the stillness of the night is broken by the sound of the curfew-bell! The presence of so many English, too (we had almost said the predominance of the English)—this gives to Santa Barbara a sort of foreign touch; but its *dolce far niente* life reminds one more of the Continent than of England. Every child is at home in the saddle; and flinging himself across his burro, young Santa Barbara gallops down for a daily plunge in the Pacific and then gallops back to pluck oranges from his own trees and to lie in a hammock and dream of the ranch-life that he some day hopes to live!

Many delightful acquaintances are formed in Santa Barbara and our three weeks fly by too fast. We must take the steamer back to San Francisco. Debt has so ordered it. But as our new route, the Canadian Pacific, is to carry us through a portion of Victoria's beautiful domains, we do not feel like complaining.

Two nights' rest we have in San Francisco, and most welcome it is after the pitching and tossing we have been enduring for a day and more; but we are again in the hands of old Neptune and our emotions are not the pleasantest; we see some fighting whales and fall to wondering why they care about it—why anybody or any creature cares about anything.

And now our attention is pinned to a cloud, for, unlike other clouds, this has remained stationary for an incredible time, nor does it seem to have any intention of ever moving on; a cloud it can't be, surely! No, a cloud it is not—we have been looking at Mt. Baker, one hundred and sixty miles away, within the borders of Washington! Coming closer to this erect and stately, though white-haired, veteran, we are more and more impressed with its dignity; but we are wondering why it should remain the exclusive right of other nations to endow their possessions with picturesque names; a "rose by any other name may smell as sweet," but surely this lofty peak is robbed of some of its dignity by the bestowal of such an appellation! To ears attuned to "Jungfrau" and the like our nomenclature must appear most crude.

Victoria, where we quit our steamer, seems a combination of green fields and Piccadilly; little country roads carry us off from the business-centre and fool us into believing ourselves "far from the madding crowd," and then another little turn brings us back to a crowd of hurrying, scurrying John Bulls, and a line of vehicles on which one, somehow, expects to read such names as "Waterloo" and "Hampton Court," "Richmond" and "Kew!"

Vancouver lacks the picturesqueness which characterizes Victoria, on the one hand, and that finish which stamps its more thickly settled portions. At this point, at Vancouver, our boat-traveling ceases and we are again running along on tracks—tracks that carry us up and down the mountains through canyons and right along the edge of the beautiful lakes.

Looking back upon the night's stop at Banf, we remember that we had mountains on every side of us; and it remained for this same little Banf to treat us to something which our eyes and ears had never before seen and heard: two distinct thunder-storms commenced roaring at once among the mountains surrounding us; and when at last they threatened to meet just above our heads, one could almost imagine that he stood looking on at an encounter between two infuriated beasts—inhabitants of neighboring but rival mountains!

Traveling by horse and engine, or carriage and train rather, through this region, one learns the sorrowful, tragic meaning of Canada's forest

fires. Fallen or tottering timber meets the eye on every side and this flame-linked territory presents an appalling appearance.

Our good old engine—that has at times with its puffing and panting seemed to an almost human—has now pulled into Boston, and our traveling-days are over; but their memory will ever linger with us; and if to others, too, we have been able to convey a faint conception, even, of their many delights, then our faulty writing has not been wholly in vain.

THE MORNING DAWNETH.

Clara M. Cushman.

TODAY'S mail brings the Minutes of the seventeenth session of the Fochow Conference of the M. E. Church. To one who loves the 400,000,000 of China and watches eagerly to see what Christianity can do for the Chinaman, and prays that His kingdom may come and His will be done in China even as it is done in heaven, these Minutes are of intense interest.

We are wont to say China is "slow," "conservative," "she gropes in heathen darkness, with her back to the future, her face toward the past." I glance at these Minutes and my heart straightway begins to sing,—

"The morning light is breaking."

I read between the lines and know that some hearts in China have heard a royal edict: "Right about face toward God and light and heaven." They report 181 native preachers, 1,417 baptisms during the year, and over \$4,000 contributed for the church and various benevolences. The number of members is 3,086, with nearly as many more probationers.

From many items of interest I cull a few from the reports of the standing committees as follows:—

Education.—As far as possible courses of study for boys' and girls' boarding schools should correspond.

Morphine.—After Jan. 1 of the next Chinese year, any preacher or member of the M. E. Church found guilty of buying, selling, or giving away morphine, either alone or compounded with other ingredients, shall be expelled from the church.

The Conference added:—

Any person who persists in buying morphine, even as an anodyne, without a prescription from a foreign physician, shall be expelled from the church.

Sabbath Observance.—If members do not sacredly observe the Sabbath they should not be received into the church. Pastors should urge their members, especially the official members, to assist and encourage the weak-hearted members in the observance of the Sabbath, especially looking after the probationers. The spare hours of the Sabbath might well be spent in looking up the absentees and exhorting them to faithfulness.

Marriage and Betrothal.—If any member of the Conference marries or betroths himself to a non-Christian it shall be deemed an offense for which he may be tried and located by the Conference. Whenever a probationer does the same he may be discontinued. Whenever a student in the Theological School does this he shall be dismissed from the school; provided, however, that the above rules shall not apply to cases when the betrothal was made by parents or guardians during his childhood.

Temperance.—After due deliberation . . . we are glad that our people stand in the first rank of those who are endeavoring to overthrow the great evil of intemperance. Methodist Christians are also dealing heavy blows against the filthy tobacco habit. We earnestly beseech all our ministers to desist from the use of tobacco, and further, we recommend that no person be admitted on trial in the Conference who is addicted to any of these habits [wine, opium, tobacco].

We have seen notice of an "appeal" to General Conference along on this line, but we observe it was not made by Chinamen. Query: In the march of progress has the Chinaman not yet reached the point where he demands his liberty to do as he pleases, or has he gone on, beyond and above it?

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The Conferences.

New England Conference.

Boston South District.

Boston, People's Temple.—This pulpit was supplied last Sunday, morning and evening, by Secretary James Logan Gordon, of the Y. M. C. A.

Boston, First Church.—Rev. C. A. Littlefield, of Watertown, supplied the pulpit last Sunday morning and evening.

Stanton Ave.—The work at this charge is progressing finely. The gain is to be noticed principally in the increased and increasing attendance at the prayer and class-meetings. Sunday Aug. 5, was a red-letter day. Fourteen were received into the church at the communion service, 11 by letter and 3 on probation. Though the summer exodus has been unusually large this year the number who partook of the communion was more than equal to two-thirds of the membership. Dr. T. Corwin Watkins was present at the evening service, and Rev. Mr. MacLary, of the Philadelphia Conference, both morning and evening. Never in the history of the church has the number in attendance upon prayer-meeting been so large. Rev. Arthur Page Sharp is pastor.

West Medbury.—Miss Clara Cushman addressed a full house on Sabbath, Aug. 5, and organized a branch of the W. F. M. B. On the same day the pastor, Rev. Arthur Bonner, baptized 10—3 adults and 7 children—received 3 on probation and 2 in full connection. Recently the pastor, assisted by the resident Congregational pastor, administered baptism to a man in a dying condition on his accepting Christ, and also baptized his two children.

Boston North District.

Somerville, First Church.—Rev. C. S. Nutter supplied this pulpit last Sunday.

Cambridge, Grace Church.—Rev. F. T. Pomroy, of Northampton, preached in this church last Sunday.

Springfield District.

Orange.—The pastor, Rev. J. W. Fulton, writes as follows: "On June 13 I was stricken unconscious, and remained in that condition about an hour. From this I rallied and preached the two following Sabbaths. July 4 I was again stricken unconscious, and remained so nearly an hour. The following day I had another attack at 10 A. M. and remained in a partially unconscious condition all day. The physicians pronounced the brain and nervous exhaustion. Since the last attack, I have done no work till last Sunday (July 29), when I attempted to preach in the morning, but suffered acute pain all the afternoon. I shall be obliged to go away to seek complete rest for two or three weeks. The Congregationalists, Baptists and Universalists have kindly supplied my pulpit."

N. E. Southern Conference.

Providence District.

Many of our preachers are now enjoying their well-earned vacations. Rev. J. A. Root, of Providence, who is a skillful boatman, is enjoying his annual cruise in his yacht. Rev. J. F. Cooper and J. L. Pitner, of Providence, Rev. P. M. Vinton of Pawtucket, and Rev. J. H. McDonald of East Weymouth, will spend a part of their vacation at Cottage City, where they are to preach at Martha's Vineyard Camp-meeting.

Rev. S. O. Benton has arranged an admirable program for the great feast of tabernacles at Martha's Vineyard. With Bishop Foster to preach the opening sermon and Bishop Thoburn to preach the last in the series, together with other able preachers all the way from Portland, Maine, to Washington D. C., it is evident that the auditors will enjoy a rare intellectual and spiritual feast. "Laymen's Day," and "Young People's Day," with able and vigorous speakers, will doubtless prove a great blessing to the particular classes for which they are designed.

Prof. J. W. V. Rich preached a very interesting sermon in our church in Woonsocket, July 15, from the text, "The Lord Reigneth." The pastor, Rev. J. Oldham, will stand by the ship through the summer. His family will spend several weeks at Cottage City.

In July Rev. George W. Anderson supplied the pulpits of St. Paul's, Fall River, and Trinity and Tabernacle Churches in Providence. In August he supplies for the pastors of Hope Street, Broadway, Edgewood and the Tabernacle Churches in Providence. The Tabernacle Church is favored with five local preachers. They assist Mr. Anderson by taking a part of the services at that church in the absence of the pastor. Mrs. Anderson, who has been seriously ill, we are glad to hear is now improving. Mr. Anderson with the assistance of his son is building a cottage home at Washington Park.

The Sunday-school of Embury Church, Central Falls, enjoyed a fine excursion on the steamer "Planet," August 1. There were 225 persons who accompanied them. They gave tickets to 125 children and others who could not well afford to purchase, and even then made \$36, which was turned into the Sunday-school treasury. The party went first to Rocky Point and then to Newport. The entire affair was under the direction of Superintendent W. A. Hanks. Rev. J. A. L. Rich is pastor. X. X. X.

Brookton and Vicinity.

East Weymouth, Porter Church.—The pastor, Rev. W. H. Butler, had his vacation in July, which he spent at Providence, preaching twice at the Tabernacle to the delight of the people. Mr. Butler did not leave his church without services. The pulpit was supplied during his absence. The attendance has kept up despite the hot weather. The Sunday evening meetings have become very popular through the lectures of the pastor on current events such as "The Great Strike," "A New Star on our Banner," "Emerson's Grave." In addition the pastor is delivering a series of Thursday evening lectures on "The Parables of the New Testament" which are well attended. Two were recently received on probation.

South Braintree.—The work is in a very encouraging condition. The church seems to be spiritually healthy. For some time past the Sunday evening meetings have been so full of spirit and of grace that they will probably never be forgotten. In spite of the heat all are in their places in the public service, which greatly encourages the pastor. The best medicine in the world for the pastor's blues is to see all his people present at a hot Sunday morning. So Mr. Ellis testifies. Some needed improvements have

been made. The audience-room has been re-carpeted by the Ladies' Aid Society. One has been received on probation and 3 by letter.

Rockland Centre.—The new pastor, Rev. Howard Ogden, and the church are working harmoniously and enthusiastically. In the three months past the congregations have doubled. The Sunday-school has increased forty per cent. The Epworth League is taking on new life and greater dimensions. A Junior League of twenty has been organized. Children's Day was the best in the history of the church and the collection the largest. Benevolences are so far in advance of previous years. A very pleasant home has been fitted for the pastor and family and they are happy in the association of these people. The pastor delivered the Memorial address before the G. A. R. Post, and is in much demand at temperance meetings. Three have recently united with the church. They have started the year well at Rockland Centre, and expect a glorious end.

Scituate.—This is one of the most difficult fields in the Conference. Genuine religion is almost out of existence, nearly by the prevailing "liberalism." But the pastor, Rev. C. H. Van Natter, and his Gideon's band, stand firm, and under their faithful labors the church has prospects of growth that it has never had before. The parsonage is being generally renovated. It has been painted, and repaired outside and inside.

Hull.—The first quarterly conference was held July 1. Presiding Elder Benton preached an excellent sermon, after which the pastor, Rev. C. N. Hinckley received 3 into full membership, and 1 by letter. An unusually large and impressive communion service followed. As the summer people arrive the congregations increase. Prayer and class-meetings are well attended; through April, May and June the average attendance was 25 of the resident members. The superintendent of the Sunday-school reported to the quarterly conference the largest average attendance for the first quarter ever known in the history of the church. The pastor was called to act as chaplain on Memorial Day and delivered an address at the cemetery and conducted the services there. He was also honored with the duty of presenting the diplomas to the graduating class of the grammar school. The church feels the loss of Sister Sarah J. L. Beedle, who was translated to the church triumphant June 24. The funeral services were held at her childhood home, and were conducted by the pastor, assisted by Rev. J. B. Gould, of the New England Conference. The church is a neat new building of modern architecture, convenient, and lighted with electricity. The parsonage is very comfortable and situated so as to give an excellent view of the water.

Holbrook.—Rev. E. L. House, the pastor of the Second Congregational Church of Attleboro, delivered his lecture on "Egyptology," under the auspices of the Epworth League, July 25. The lecture was of the highest excellence and most pleasingly delivered. The Junior League under the direction of the pastor enjoyed a day's outing recently. The pleasure of the children was great. Their enthusiasm is making the Junior League the most hopeful department of church work.

Brookton, Central Church.—August 5, 2 were received on probation and 3 into full membership. The heat of summer has made but little decrease, if any, in the congregations. Central Church is one whose spiritual thermometer does not go down to zero when the mercury goes up to 90 degrees. The pastor, Rev. C. M. Melden, enjoys his vacation at Independence Point, Ouse.

East Bridgewater.—The change of the hour of service from afternoon to forenoon is received with increasing favor as the three months' trial draws to a close. A very pleasant and successful "Sunflower Concert" was recently given by the Junior League under the care of the pastor's wife, Mrs. Wilson, assisted by Miss Carrie Allen. The pastor, Rev. M. B. Wilson, takes his vacation on Yarmouth Camp-ground.

Franklin Chapel.—Hot weather and vacations make a slight decrease in the congregations. The pastor, Rev. E. H. Dupuy, has been in poor health all summer, but is recovering now. Aug. 5, 1 was received on probation and 3 by letter. G.

Vermont Conference.

St. Albans District.

Highgate Springs.—Our summer resorts ought to be supplied with preaching. This place is one of them, which is rapidly growing in number of visitors. Rev. A. B. Truax preached here Aug. 5, and will supply for two months or more.

Swanton.—Rev. L. O. Sherburne held the quarterly meeting at the church Sunday morning, Aug. 5, and at West Swanton in the afternoon; preaching, as usual, earnest, thoughtful sermons. Rev. Mr. Reynolds was suffering from a cold and unable to assist. He and family have gone into camp at Maquam, and they expect Rev. D. C. Thatcher, who is greatly improved in health after a long and critical illness, to join them.

Essex Junction.—Rev. A. E. Drew, of Pasadena, Fla., general manager of The Pasco County Nursery and Fruit Company, has been stopping for the past few days with Rev. J. B. Goodal. Mr. Drew is a native of Fairfax.

Milton.—Those who attended evening service last Sunday listened to Rev. Mr. Fluke, missionary to Jerusalem for a number of years, and pastor of the Methodist Church here fifty years ago. The society gave a lawn party last week on the grounds of Mr. Lewis Lyons.

Waterbury.—The old Methodist church began to be taken down and removed on Thursday, July 26. The village loses one of its old landmarks. A new business block will be erected in its place.

Rickford.—The Methodist and Baptist people have extended a call to Evangelist Harriman to hold evangelistic services with them, and it is expected that he will come.

Enosburgh Falls.—Rev. F. W. Hamblin has felt obliged to resign his appointment. He is at the hospital at Hanover, N. H., and strong hopes are entertained of his speedy recovery.

St. Albans.—Rev. R. L. Bruce has returned from his vacation with renewed vigor for his responsible work. During his absence he lectured on prohibition at the Weirs (N. H.) Convention.

Morrisville.—The annual camp-meeting began Tuesday, Aug. 14, and continues till Monday the 20th.

The decease of Rev. J. W. Guernsey, at Rutland, on Saturday, Aug. 4, removes a very practical and faithful servant of the Lord to his home in glory. He was for several years chaplain

of the State Workhouse at Rutland and died holding that office.

St. Johnsbury District.

Craftsbury.—Rev. Joseph Hamilton, writing under date of Aug. 7, says: "We had a glorious tent-meeting at Craftsbury last week. Revs. H. A. Spencer, T. Tyrie, W. B. Smithers, A. L. Cooper, D. D., J. McDonald, A. W. Ford and A. G. Austin preached excellent sermons and rendered grand assistance. S. K. Hase and wife, from St. Johnsbury Church, led in the praying-band, were present most of the week and did good work. Some 35 souls started for the kingdom."

Montpelier District.

Brattleboro.—Twenty-two were received in full in the church last Sunday. There are more to follow.

Montpelier.—Prof. E. M. Smith occupied the pulpit at Trinity Church last Sabbath, preaching an excellent sermon. The Sunday-schools of Groton, Cabot, Marshfield and Plainfield came to Montpelier, Aug. 6, for a picnic. A tent was erected on the Seminary campus and the school buildings were thrown open to the visiting schools. The day was fine and all seemed to enjoy the visit to the capital. L. L.

New Hampshire Conference.

Dover District.

Third Church, Haverhill. Dedicated its beautiful new chapel on Sunday, July 29, with appropriate services. Rev. Messrs. Fowler, Dockrill and Bates, besides the pastor and presiding elder, being present and taking part in the services. The excellent sermon was by Mr. Dockrill, of Lawrence. The chapel stands on the rear of a lot on the corner of Washington and Shepard Streets, and is a room. It seats 250 persons. Dr. Chase and Mr. J. A. Lynch selected and secured the lot and have been generous donors to the enterprise, the Deutor dedicating the sum subscribed by the congregation at the dedication, which, with gifts secured to be counted thereon, is understood to be \$1,000, so giving the little society a good start—\$6,000, including the bequest of Mother Chase. We confidently expect this church to take good rank in soul-saving and evangelistic work here at once.

Wolboro Junction. is pushing on and must at an early day enlarge their house of worship. The pastor writes: "We rejoiced Sunday evening over ten men and women" coming into line with God's people. Brookfield is also doing good work, and all along the line our workers are pushing the battle. Although the business depression in many of our fields is desolating, we are striving to maintain the standard for Christian work and God is giving us fruit in the summer time.

In Epping only about two-thirds as much has been realized for ministerial support as last year at this time, but the pastor with a brave heart and good cheer suggested (and the people at once responded) that the case could be aided by a "chopping bee" to cut the year's supply of wood, and this will be done between haying and harvesting.

It is probably true that some of our people allow the rumor of hard times to hinder their efficiency instead of assuming that lack of business gives more time for religious activity. We are expecting a grand season at Hedding Camp-meeting, which opens Aug. 20 at 2 P. M. Miss Carrie Morrill, of Dover, will be our organist and Rev. J. L. Felt, of Suncook, musical director. Four cottages have been built on the grounds this season, and several lots sold to parties who expect soon to erect cottages. A plan is under consideration for the relief of Broadhead Avenue by the banishment of the "lower village" to the north side of the stream, and the west end will be blessed at an early day we hope by the introduction of water—not into the cottages but into the streets—by a line from the "tower-tank." G. W. N.

Concord District.

Bristol.—Three persons—two young men and one young lady—were baptized on Sunday, Aug. 5. One other was ready for baptism, but deferred it on the promise of her husband to begin a Christian life with her, and in the evening of the same day he made public his purpose and asked for the prayers of Christian people. One other young lady was recently baptized and received on probation and two were also received from probation into full membership on the same occasion. These and other signs of prosperity rejoice the heart of the pastor, Rev. James D. LeGros.

Jefferson.—Rev. W. A. Loyne, the indefatigable pastor is witnessing a revival in midsummer at the "Meadows." Fifteen have been re-

cently baptized by him and received on probation. Rev. Dr. W. N. Brodbeck preached for the pastor on Sunday, Aug. 12.

Weirs.—The program for the camp-meeting here, commencing August 20, contains the names among others of Bishop E. G. Andrews, Revs. C. D. Hills, and Thomas Tyrie, and Rev. W. T. Hill, of New Haven, Conn.

Groton and Colebrook Camp-meetings will commence Sept. 3 and Sept. 10 respectively. It is hoped the churches and people will rally to all of these meetings, expecting great things from God and ready for service for Him.

Concord, Baker Memorial Church.—The demand for sittings in the new church is so great that an additional row of seats on the outside of the circle are being put in, considerably increasing the seating capacity.

Tilton.—The quiet of the vacation season is apparent. An itemized statement of the value of the Seminary property, its endowment, resources and expenditures, has recently been issued by Dr. D. C. Knowles, the treasurer. The item printed "Western loans" should be "Western lands." These were donated to the school. S. C. K.

East Maine Conference.

Rockland District.

Bremen.—Rev. and Mrs. Meserve attended the temperance mass meeting at Round Pond, Aug. 1. Rev. C. W. Bradley, of Rockland, delivered his lecture, "Masks and Faces," at the Union Church, Aug. 2.

Wiscasset.—The Sunday-school held its annual picnic on Davis Island last week. A large number attended, and a good time is reported. The Foster Chapter Epworth League held a literary meeting at the church Tuesday evening. The subject considered was "The Character of George Washington." It proved very interesting. At the close of the program Rev. F. K. Dunoff entertained with some fine violin solos.

Dresden.—The pastor, Rev. M. S. Preble, preached at the Mills in the morning, South Dresden in the afternoon, and at Middle Bridge in the evening. Rev. C. F. Butterfield conducted evening services at the Mills. Special revival services are being held in the school-house at Middle Bridge with increasing interest and good results. The work thus far has been mostly done by the pastor and local church. O.

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Church Register.

HERALD CALENDAR.

Hamilton Camp-meeting, Aubury Grove,	Aug. 9-13
Empire Grove Camp-meeting, East Poland,	Aug. 9-13
Williamville Camp-meeting,	Aug. 13-15
Inter-denominational Christian Believers' Union Convention - "Days of Penance" - at Old Orchard, Me., Dr. L. B. Bates, leader,	Aug. 13-15
Kennebec Valley Camp-meeting, Richmond,	Aug. 13-16
Martha's Vineyard Camp-meeting,	Aug. 13-16
Lyndonville Camp-meeting commences	Aug. 13
Bedding Camp-meeting, East Fanning, N. H.,	Aug. 13-14
North Anson Camp-meeting,	Aug. 13-14
sterling Camp-meeting,	Aug. 13-14
Weirs, N. H., Camp-meeting,	Aug. 13-14
Northport Camp-meeting,	Aug. 13-14
East Livermore Camp-meeting,	Aug. 13-14
Laurel Park Camp-meeting,	Aug. 13-14
Clarendon Camp-meeting,	Aug. 13-14
East Machias Camp-meeting,	Aug. 13-14
Rockland Dis. Camp-meeting, at Nobleboro, Me.,	Aug. 13-14
Wilton Camp-meeting,	Aug. 13-14
Piscataquis Val., Foxcroft, Camp-meeting,	Aug. 13-14
Lyons Dis. Epworth League Con. at New York,	Sept. 3
Groton, N. H., Camp-meeting,	Sept. 3-7
Colebrook, N. H., Camp-meeting,	Sept. 10-14
Maine State Epworth League Convention,	Sept. 11, 12
Bangor,	Sept. 11, 12
Epworth Union of Epworth League, Wollaston,	Sept. 11
OLD ORCHARD MEETINGS FOR 1894: -	
"Pentecostal Days,"	Aug. 13-20
Portland District Camp-meeting,	Aug. 20-24
General Temperance Meeting,	Aug. 18-Sept. 3

EPWORTH LEAGUE CONVENTION for the Eastern Division of Bucksport District will be held at the East Machias Camp-ground, Friday and Saturday, August 24 and 25. Praise service and preaching Friday evening. On Saturday there will be essays on various phases of League work; one interesting feature of the afternoon being the five-minute topic hour. A sermon in the evening closes the convention. Bring "Finesse of the Wheat" and plan to stop during the camp-meeting, which opens the following Monday.

QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

LEWISTON DISTRICT - SECOND QUARTER.

AUGUST.	
Empire Grove Camp-meeting, 9-20;	South Paris, 20;
	Norway, 20;
	Lock's Mills, 21.
SEPT.	
Belbel, 1, 2, a m;	North Auburn, 15;
Hason, 2, p m;	Rumford Falls, 20;
Torrey, 3, a m;	Rumford, 21;
Buckfield, 7, a p m;	Andover, 22, 23;
Mechanic Falls, 15, 16, a m;	Newry, 24;
Oxford and Welchville, 16, p m, 17;	Gorham, 26, 28, a m;
	Berlin, 28, eve.
OCT.	
West Bath, 4;	W. Durham and Pownal, 13,
Phippsburg, 5;	14, a m and p m;
Harpwell and Orr's Island, 6, 7, 8;	West Paris, 20, 21;
	North Waterford, 20;
Cumbe'd and Falmouth, 9;	Sweden, 20;
West Cumberland, 10;	Fryburg and Stowe, 27, 28;
South Auburn, 12;	Conway, 29;
N. Yarmouth, 14, eve, 15;	North Conway, 31.
NOV.	
Hiram, 1;	Lewiston, Park St., 31 a m, 12;
Baldwin, 2;	Lewiston, Hammond St., 16;
Naples, 3, 4, a m;	Brunswick, 15, 16;
Bridgton, 4, eve, 5;	Bowdoinham, 20;
Auburn, 11, eve;	Chebeague, 24, 25, a m;
	Long Island, 25, eve, 26.
DEC.	
Bath, Beacon St., 1, 2, a m;	Lisbon and Lisbon Falls, 5, 9;
Bath, Wesley Ch., 2, p m, 3;	E. Poland and Minot, 15, 16.
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ST. JOHNABURY DISTRICT - SECOND QUARTER.
[The first date indicates the time for Quarterly Conference; the second, Sabbath Service.]

AUGUST.	
Craftsbury, 4, p m, 5, a m;	Jay, 15, eve;
South Albany, 5, a m, 5, p m;	Lyndon and Lyndonville, 18,
North Danville, 9, p m, 5,	eve, 19;
pastor;	Newbury and Newbury Ctr.,
Groton, 4, a pastor;	18, 19, pastor;
West Groton, 4, O. M. Guildhall, 18, eve, 19, a Greg-	ory;
Butwell;	
Newport Ctr and Troy, 11,	Lunenburg and E. Concord,
eve, 12, a m;	18, eve, 19, Ex;
Camp-meeting, Lyndonville, 30-27.	
SEPT.	
Hardwick, 1, eve, 2, pastor; E. Burke and E. Haven, 15, 16,	pastor;
Topsham, 1, eve, 2, a m,	pastor;
Wells River and Orange, 2,	Evansville and Browning'n,
a m, 3 p m;	15, 16, P. N. Granger;
Albany, 5, eve, 5, a m;	West Burke and Newark, 22,
Irishburg, 10, a m, 5, p m;	eve, 23, pastor;
Sheffield and Wheelock, 15,	Barton Landing, 22, 23, Ex;
eve, 16;	Marshfield, 22, p m, 23, p m;
Woodbury, 16, p m, W. S. Plainfield, 22, eve, 23, a m;	pastor;
Smithers;	Barre, 22, eve, 23, pastor;
Greenboro and Stannard, 15,	South Barre, 22, p m, 23, pas-
eve, 16, J. Thurston;	tor;
Danville and W. Danville, 15,	Williamstown, 22, eve, 30,
eve, 16, pastor;	pastor;
Peabody, 15, 16, pastor;	Cabot, 22, 23, Ex;
	St. Johnsbury, 25, eve, 26.
OCT.	
Newport, 5, eve, 7, a m;	Derby, 15, 16, A. L. Cooper;
Convent, 5, a m, 7 p m;	Westfield and Lowell, 12, 14,
Walden and South Walden, 4,	pastor;
7, pastor;	Barton, 20, 21, pastor;
Island Pond, 12, eve, 14, a m;	Glover and W. Glover, 20, 21,
E. Charlestown and Westmore,	pastor;
15, a m, 14, p m;	W. Concord, 20, eve, 21, a m;
Mollard and Morgan, 13, 14,	Victory, 22, a m, 23, p m;
pastor;	St. Johnsbury Ctr., 20, eve,
	21, pastor.

All a m quarterly conferences at 9 o'clock; all p m at 7 o'clock. The afternoon Sunday services will be at 2 o'clock.
Let every pastor plan for revival services in the early fall.

AUGUSTA DISTRICT - SECOND QUARTER.

JULY.	
2, 3, Kingfield;	23, Nov. 20, Fairfield.
AUG.	
4, 4, Oakland and Sidney;	12, Nov. 18, Skowhegan;
11, 12, Livermore Falls;	13, 14, Wilton.
SEPT.	
1, 1, E. Livermore and Fayette;	22, 23, Mt. Vernon and Vienna;
4, 4, Phillips and Phillips;	23, Kent's Hill and Readfield;
15, 15, Stratton;	Cor;
15, 15, Strong;	23, 24, Wayne and North Leeds.
(Remainder soon.)	J. B. LAPHAM, P. E.

Marriages.

CORLISS - LEE - In Berwick, Me., June 25, by Rev. P. Grover, George A. Corliis and Cora Lee, both of Somersworth, N. H.

EAST MAINE CONFERENCE. - The Conference Board of Church Extension has received applications from several churches for aid. This aid is needed now. If each pastor will take his collection for Church Extension and forward it to Philadelphia at once, it will enable the Board to grant the needed aid so that these churches can be finished before cold weather.

L. H. W. WHEAT, Sec.

W. H. M. S. - The annual meeting of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of New England Conference will be held in Lynn Common Church on Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 2 and 3. Afternoon and evening sessions on Wednesday; morning and afternoon sessions on Thursday. Mrs. May Leonard Wells, of Morristown, N. J., and Mrs. Thirfield, wife of President W. F. Thirfield of Gannon University, and others, will speak. Further particulars later.

S. W. FLOYD, Conf. Sec.

NOTICE. - DEAR FATHERS AND BROTHERS: The society means in the hands of the treasurer of the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society must interfere with our educational work in the South. Some of our schools will be unable to run the usual number of months. The salaries of some of our teachers are now merely nominal, and cannot possibly be made any less. Brethren, do not forget this great benevolence. If we can aid you in the taking of the collection, we will gladly do so. We are engaged for August, September, and part of October. If you wish us to help you, write me at once, suggesting some Sabbath in October or November when it would be agreeable to you. Address Rev. Geo. M. Hamlen, D. D., Fall River, Mass.

Business Notices.

READ the last column on the 15th page for announcement of the latest publications of the Methodist Book Concern.

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OLD ORCHARD CAMP-MEETING. - CONNECTION: The "Songs of Joy and Gladness, No. 2," will be used at the Portland District meeting. Some of the preachers have given notice of this meeting in their pulpits. Will others please do the same? G. B. PALMER, P. E.

GRAND RALLY OF EPWORTH LEAGUES of Boston South, Boston North, and Springfield Districts at Sterling Junction Camp-ground, Monday, Aug. 20.

PROGRAM.

Greeting by the president of the Sterling Assembly; responses by the presidents of the three districts represented. Conference: "What can the Different Departments of the League do toward Promoting a Revival in our Respective Churches?" responded to by representatives of the three districts. Address: "Our Church a Power in the Land," Judge L. E. Hitchcock, of Chicopee. Round Table, conducted by Rev. A. M. Osgood, of Ware. Afternoon. Address: "The Epworth League in Society," Rev. Henry Tucker, of Springfield. Dedication of the new Epworth League building; address by Rev. G. S. Butters, of Fitchburg; dedicatory service conducted by Rev. G. F. Eaton, D. D.

Evening. Aspiration service. Evangelistic service, conducted by Rev. L. B. Bates, D. D.

Every League is urged to send at least one delegate. G. A. PRINCE, A. M. OSOOND, C. M. HALL.

Death of Rev. F. Bottome, D. D.

THE following touching account of the last days of Dr. Bottome, written for the *Christian Advocate* by his son, REV. W. M. BOTTOME, of Moor Hall, Harlow, Essex, Eng., is so full of interest that we quote it entire for the benefit of the readers of ZION'S HERALD: -

My father's death has fallen on us so suddenly, so mysteriously, that it seems more like an impossible dream than the sad reality. He parted from his eldest son and family at ten o'clock on Thursday, June 29, in Southampton. He drove with his son all about the town the previous evening, making plans for their meeting in a fortnight's time in London. He left by a later train for Exeter. It was a very hot day, and after shopping in the town, he went to evensong at the cathedral, and he said it was so like the peace and rest of heaven to hear the choir and to drink in all the beauties of the cathedral.

He took an evening train to Tavistock, and on Friday morning he walked to Brook Cottage to call on Miss Arnold and Miss Gibson, intimate friends of his son. He stayed there over an hour, full of joy at the beautiful scenery and speaking of the lovely country adjoining their house, where he now lies buried. He returned to the Bedford Hotel, and, as was his custom, sat down at once to impart his joy to others. I

know not if he wrote any other letter but this last one to his dear daughter, from which this extract is taken: -

"I came through to this place, Bedford Hotel, last evening about eight o'clock, and after tea had a quiet stroll about this unique and beautiful town, and the twilight was simply lovely. But this morning! After breakfast I inquired my way to Miss Arnold, and was directed by the most bewitching riverside walk that imagination could desire. The River Tave! Sweet little stream! A few feet wide, but murmuring and sparkling over its rocky bed in such delicious music as to shame all organs and instruments of human make. Every now and then a sturdy seat, an oak fence of a solid foot square, resting on granite pedestals quite as thick, and with back rail guarded with half inch iron spikes, invited me to rest. Most gladly I complied, and took in the quiet beauty of the scene until I almost forgot myself and my errand. The morning was very warm, and so the umbrageous shade of the thick-foliated beech tempted strong to linger. So I let imagination take wing, and blended all the past and more recent time, until a strange, weird melancholy took me, and I said, 'O for an hour with Margaret!' A bright-eyed, grinning little urchin broke my reverie with a sweet 'Good morning, sir,' and a merry laugh and away! At last I found Brook Cottage, about a mile from the town - a little patched up, partly shingle, partly wooden, whitewashed to the chimney top, its little leaden window frames painted black, and surrounded by a wall of gravel and cement almost as high as the house itself, quite as high as the chamber windows, and within that enclosure dwells the sister of Sir Edwin Arnold!

But dignity and merit are never made of stone or adobe. After admission within the sacred enclosure, I found myself in as cozy a nest as poet can dream of, and not Sir Edwin's most enchanting Arcadia surpasses the quiet and peace of that little cottage by the ever musical rivulet on which it stands. Well, if I see no more of old England, I have taken in a morning's glory never to be forgotten."

And within a hundred yards of the cottage where he spent his happy hour with my friends, in the beautiful cemetery given to Tavistock by the Duke of Bedford, is his last resting place.

Within sight of the bridge which spans the Tamar, the accident occurred which caused his death. While going at a walking pace the pony stumbled, and he was pitched forward, falling on his head, and never regaining consciousness. His boyhood friend, the Rev. Edwin Orme, bore him to the village of Gunnyslake, and in four hours' time he passed away. Then he was taken to Mr. Orme's house, five miles over the bleak downs, to Callington, and there in the little cottage, after midnight on Saturday, I saw my father's face; so calm, so peaceful, but oh, so still! On Monday, through villages lined with Cornish miners, we bore him to Tavistock and laid him in the grave, covered with white flowers. His nephew, Mr. Henry Radford, stood by my side as the vicar of Tavistock, the Rev. E. Alford, read the burial service. A happier, more joyful spirit never passed from things temporal to things eternal. And in his purse, with my daughter's name, Phyllis, written on the margin of a small piece of paper, I found these words, pathetic beyond words to me, and full of prophecy: -

"Suffice it if, my good and ill unreckoned, And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace, I find myself by hands familiar beckoned Unto my fitting place."

The Methodist women have had a jubilant meeting at Ocean Grove. The Woman's Home Missionary Society held their anniversary in connection with the National Deaconess Convention on the eighth, Mrs. Clinton B. Fisk presiding over the joint meeting. Mrs. Henry M. Teller, wife of Senator Teller, of Colorado, read an interesting paper on "The Alaskan Mission of the Woman's Home Missionary Society." Mrs. Teller said the mission was established in 1891 at Unalakleet, one of the Aleutian Islands. Prof. Tuck and wife have had charge since its establishment. The school they established contains 23 pupils. Thirty others had applied, but their applications were rejected for want of room. The government has promised the mission 100 acres of land on condition that a building be at once erected on it; if the work is not undertaken within a year, others will take the property. Mrs. Wells, of Trenton, dwelt on the supply department, which aids the missionaries in the home and on the frontier, sending clothing, carpets and table supplies. The society expended in this work last year \$100,000. Mr. Rust, of Cincinnati, spoke on Sabbath observance. Anna C. Ruddy gave an encouraging account of the Italian Mission in New York, which has just received a property at Tivoli, N. Y., valued at \$50,000, and will furnish accommodations for sixty-six girls. The convention was not complete without an address and a song from Chaplain McCabe.

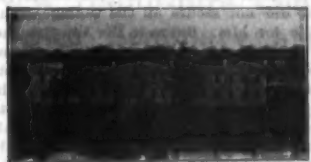
When Christ calls His followers "the salt of the earth," He uses a word that conveys much important practical truth. For one thing it shows that Christianity was intended to be a social religion, and that our separation from the world must not be of so extreme a character as to deprive us of any opportunity of influencing it. Christians must not take themselves out of the world to any degree not required by a careful abstinence from all that is essentially evil. They must do their part in every sort of reform, they must be active in politics, they must show that their religion does not make them indifferent to anything that promotes the temporal welfare of their fellow-men. What would become of our land without the churches? True love to God will make us love man not less, but more. And we must strive to show that love in ways that ordinary humanity can appreciate.

A Counterfeiter's Den.

Under the national banking system counterfeiting has become very difficult. The government detectives are everywhere abroad and are very likely to pick up any one who undertakes the business. The counterfeiter of today, in order to succeed, must be able to command great astuteness and secrecy. He must have machinery and ample means at his command, and then he must ever work with the consciousness that the sharp eye of the government is on all his movements. The detectives have, of late, bent their glances upon Danbury, Conn., where were some suspicious people. One James Davis was arrested, but the evidence was insufficient to warrant prosecution. Suspicion finally centred on Lorenzo Hoyt, who was arrested and, under the persuasion that the officers knew more than they really did, made confession. The den in which he operated was in his garden and was only found when the counterfeiter was brought to direct the men engaged in excavating. When once the den was opened they found a large amount of machinery and many bank notes ready for circulation. One package of \$10 notes, of the issue with the head of Webster, contained 13,000. The notes were so well executed that they had been passed by treasury officials. The plates were found stored near by, as also those of a \$20 gold certificate. None of these latter had been printed. The plate has the head of Garfield, and the detectives pronounced it one of the finest counterfeits they had ever seen. A large bundle of bank note paper was found near by. A fine set of engraver's tools was also found. Hoyt, of course, had accomplices; the den is the headquarters of a gang; but the detectives have not succeeded in finding the silent partners in the concern. Hoyt is possibly the most worthless of any of them; he was regarded by his neighbors as a sort of inventive crank, working in his shop to bring out some new machine.

Nothing adds to the cheerfulness of a town or village like well-lighted streets and lawns. Many use gas or electricity for this purpose, while more are debarred from these by the expense or the inability to secure the necessary service. Such persons can write to the Steam Gauge and Lantern Co., of Syracuse, N. Y., or 25 Lake St., Chicago, for a description of their Tubular Street Lamp and Tubular Hanging Lamp. They will not blow out, freeze, or smoke, and can be regulated by an automatic attachment to burn for any given number of hours.

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ANOTHER WORD

would be superfluous,

but a critical examination and a share of your business is respectfully solicited. Sent by mail on receipt of 10 cents.

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Our Book Table.

Congregationalists in America: A Popular History of their Origin, Belief, Policy, Growth and Work. By Rev. Albert B. Dunning, D. D. Special Chapters by Rev. Joseph B. Roy, D. D., on "Congregational Work and Progress in the West and Northwest;" Rev. Francis B. Clark, D. D., on "Congregationalists and their Young People;" Rev. Howard A. Bridgman, on "Congregational Literature;" and Rev. Alonso H. Quint, D. D., on "Ecumenical Councils." Introduction by Dr. E. S. Storrs and Gen. O. O. Howard. Illustrated. New York: J. A. Hill & Co.

For all Congregationalists and those interested in the history and work of Congregationalism, this presentable volume will have an interest. The book is printed on good paper and in large, open type. The story of the independent sect, so often told, and so full of interest to all of us who descend from the Puritans, is repeated in brief and neat form by Dr. Dunning. Though he does not give all, he touches the salient points about which the general reader would care to know. In it the author has furnished a historical, educational and evangelistic conspectus of the denomination to which he belongs. In making up a record so noble and beneficial as that of Congregationalism in America, a slight glow of denominational appreciation is quite allowable, affording as it does a flavor to the narrative. There is much in the history of this sect—its Christian life, devotion to education, evangelism, and the elevation of the people—of which its adherents may be justly proud. It is one of the beneficent forces operating in the formation and consolidation of the Republic. Of all the dissenting denominations, no one of which is without its lesson for us, Congregationalism is at once the oldest and one of the most reliable.

Dr. Dunning begins his historic record with Apostolic Congregationalism and traces on down through the Middle Ages, the Reformation, the struggle in England, and the final planting at Plymouth and Boston, with outspread in America. The only mistake we can perceive is in beginning with the Apostles. The author ought to have gained wisdom from the venerable Knickerbocker who, in his "History of New York," deemed it important to go back and give some account of the original creation of the world, for the reason that Manhattan was in the world. Dr. Dunning evidently ought to have gone back at least to Paradise, if not to the Pre-Adamites, if there were any such; for certainly Adam and Eve were Congregationalists. There were no bishops, no presbyteries, in Paradise; the original congregation, small though it was, was complete in itself, adopting its own rules and regulations as to office-bearers and religious rites. Passing beyond the primitive Garden, he could, no doubt, have shown that Enoch was a Congregationalist; and as for Noah, there is not the least doubt; his little congregation was a complete church in itself. Noah had his own ritual, and everything was determined in the floating assembly. But if the author was to begin with the apostolic age, there are two points to be noted. He ought to have gone a little back of the Apostles. He could have learned something of the Baptists, whose origin synchronizes with John the Baptist. Now Gamaliel, at whose feet Paul learned wisdom, was unmistakably a Puritan. Why did he not, in order to obtain ample leverage in antiquity, begin his record with the great Pharisee? It was a mistake; the author did not secure all the vantage-ground possible for him. But as to the Apostles, there were two claimants in before him. The Roman Catholics and Episcopalians long ago pre-empted all the ground his new title-deed covers. They made a bishop out of the fisherman apostle. How can the plain Congregationalist author maintain his claim against the Roman corporation and "The Church?" But, admitting for a moment that the claim could be made out (of course this is only a supposition), it would be most ungenerous to evict tenants who have been so long in possession, and, in fact, whose whole capital in trade is found to be in these trumped-up claims. If our Brother Dunning should make out his case in the court of reason, he would bankrupt the present holders, who need all they have got. But plain Congregationalists have no such necessity. They are not compelled to go back far. Scrooby, or Amsterdam, or even Plymouth, is just as good as Rome or Jerusalem. For he is not a Congregationalist who is one outwardly; nor is that Congregational Christianity which is outward, in the flesh; he is a Congregationalist who is one inwardly, and his religion is that of the heart, in the spirit and not in the letter. The bond connecting him back to Christ and the Apostles is a spiritual one. To possess the doctrine, the mind, the zeal of Christ, as depicted in the New Testament, connects us more unmistakably with the apostolic band than any chain of tradition.

There is much in the chapters on evangelism in the West, on Christian Endeavor, and the literature of the denomination, on which we would delight to dwell, but, for want of space, forbear.

General Washington. By Gen. Bradley T. Johnson. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Boston Agency, 11 Franklin Street. Price, \$1.50.

This volume forms the eighth in order of issue of the "Great Commander" series, edited by Gen. James Grant Wilson and in course of publication by the Appletons. The frontispiece is a likeness of Washington from a painting by C. W. Peale in 1772, and owned by Gen. George Washington Custis Lee, of Lexington, Virginia. Though five hundred lives of the Father of his Country have been issued, the author makes a first "attempt to consider the military character of Washington and to write his life as a soldier." The generation which fought the Revolution held in high regard his military services. The fierce democracy which came in with Jefferson

took another view of the character of Washington. While recognizing his worth as an honest and well-meaning gentleman, with strong patriotic instincts, they credited him with only moderate military and administrative abilities. The civil war drew attention anew to his military qualities and had a tendency to raise our estimate of Washington as a military leader. The Duke of Wellington regarded him as "the poorest and noblest character of modern times, and, considering the material of the armies with which he successfully met the trained and veteran soldiers of the Old World, fairly entitled to a place among the great captains of the eighteenth century."

In this new work Gen. Johnson, himself a Marylander and a Confederate, constructs a military biography of General Washington, endeavoring to vindicate the estimate of Wellington. With brief outlines of his civil life, the author presents in greater fullness the military operations in which Washington was engaged, thus affording an insight into his qualities as a soldier and military leader as well as into the character of the struggle between England and her American colonies. All the leading actions are given with careful detail and diagrams of the different battle-fields. The book possesses much merit as a popular presentation of Washington as a military leader in a great crisis in which the colonies were transformed into the grand Republic of the West. With his facts well in hand, he makes, with slight discounts, a luminous, consecutive and compact record, keeping well to his idea of a military biography. He never forgets that he was born in a Southern latitude or that it was an unfortunate fact that some others were born in New England. In spite of such slight defects, the volume must be accepted by the general reader as one of our best lives of Washington.

From the Easy Chair. Third Series. By George William Curtis. Harper & Brothers: New York. Price, \$1.

Mr. Curtis was the American Addison. He knew how to touch lighter as well as graver subjects with ease, grace and suggestiveness. The reader of *Harper's Magazine* a generation ago turned with delight to the Easy Chair, where he was sure to find some of those charming essays of the editor. The easy yet accurate touch of his pencil gave a charm to the lights and shadings of his pictures. The finer qualities of his genius and fancy came out nowhere more clearly than in these corporeal writings. The public has long waited to have them in a more compact and permanent form, and will welcome this third volume, containing some of the best things in the series. The writings of Mr. Curtis have immensely enriched our American literature; and among them these essays will hold an honored place. They are the reliques of our literature.

Narcissus; or the Road to Rome. In Verona. By Laura E. Richards. Boston: Bates & Lamson. Price, 50 cents.

The author of this tiny volume is already favorably known, in "Melody," "Captain January," and "Glimpses of the French Court," for her good taste, insight into character, and freshness of description—characteristics which reappear in "Narcissus" and "In Verona," the two brief stories contained in this elegantly gotten-up booklet. The Rome and Verona here concerned are located in Kennebec County, Maine. The rural life of the Pine Tree State is depicted with truth to nature and art. Narcissus White, deaf old Uncle Pinker and Romulus Patten, the drummer on his way to Rome, are drawn to life. "In Verona" equals its companion story in interest and classic taste. The commonplace elements, under the touch of her pen, take on beauty and attractiveness.

Intermediate Lessons in English Grammar. For the use of Intermediate Grades. By William H. Maxwell, A. M. American Book Company: New York and Chicago.

The author, superintendent of public instruction in the city of Brooklyn, shows a happy facility in his methods of teaching by simplification. He takes a sentence to pieces, dissecting it, as it were, and showing in simple form the use of each part of speech and the relation of the parts to the whole, in a long series of brief and luminous lessons. He makes grammar a mere pastime. The principle once set forth is illustrated and enforced by many simple and pertinent examples. It seems to us one of the best books on grammar to be put into the hands of a pupil in the middle course.

Grimley's Little Pard. By Elizabeth Maxwell Cornfort. New York: Thomas Whitaker.

This is a story of a mining camp in the Rocky Mountains. To the company of rough men, among whom was Grimley, came a man with wife and children. Grimley took to one of the little folks with great affection. The story exhibits the human streaks in these rough men and the influence of the presence of a noble woman and of children. It is a most readable little story.

A Modern Magdalene. By Virna Wood. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price, \$1.50.

This story, which deals with a delicate and difficult subject under the guise of fiction, opens in Ohio and travels on to California. The author's design is to show the great injustice of society to women in the ostracism which drives the unfortunate, not devoid of noble natural qualities, to a life of hopeless degradation. The task is accomplished under the guise of fiction, but of fiction which exposes the evil and shows how unjust and unwise is the prevailing method. In regard to some of these wrongs the author is quite outspoken, betraying a familiarity with the shady facts of life that is not less remarkable than her appreciation of the good and bad elements in the human heart, which de-

termine the specific form of sin which is so corrupting to society. The moral is not left to be inferred.

BUSINESS: A Plain Talk with Men and Women who Work. By Amos R. Wells. (Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. On sale by C. R. Magee, Boston. Price, 35 cents.) "Business" is emphatically the American noun. The mass of the people are supposed to work, and this little book contains a word of counsel, direction and encouragement to the work people. He encourages a hopeful spirit, the looking up instead of down, the work without worry, a look ahead, and courage in undertaking our tasks. He commends the use of the Bible and co-operation for the grand results beyond this life. Business is our training school on earth. In learning to do it well, we are making important preparation for the services in a better life. —IMPERIAL SONGS, for Sunday-schools, Social Meetings, Epworth Leagues and Revival Services. Edited by Jesse L. Hurlbut, D. D., and Stephen V. R. Ford. (New York: Hunt & Eaton. On sale by C. R. Magee, Boston. Price, 35 cents a copy; \$50 per 100.) In their selections for this book of song for social worship the editors have had reference both to the sentiment by the use of right and noble words, and to the quality of the music. The work has passed under the critical eyes of many experts besides the editors, so as to insure a work every way adapted to the needs of our people and the cultivation of musical taste and devoutness. —SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHING: Two Discourses on "The Perfection of Sunday-school Teaching," by Robert T. Ogden, and "Heart Power in Sunday-school Work," by J. H. Miller, D. D. (New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, 35 cents.) These addresses, by experienced Sunday-school workers, touch important phases of this form of work for the young. The heart is indispensable to the proper and effective discharge of duty in this field. Mere knowledge is not enough; we must reach the heart by the agency of the heart. —THE PRINCES OF ALASKA: A Story of Two Countries. By Richard Henry Savage. (Chicago: F. Tennyson Neely. Price, 50 cents.) Col. Savage was educated at West Point, entered the Army, and later served on the staff of Gen. Stone in Egypt. After many military exploits he, like Capt. King, learned that he could tell a story. This is not his first one, but it is regarded as his best. The scene is laid in Mr. Seward's Arctic purchase, and is told in a lively way. —IN THE QUARTER. By Robert W. Chambers. (Chicago: F. T. Neely. Price, 50 cents.) The Latin Quarter is a hard place, reminding those living there of the possibility of a future bad condition. The story unfolds in that untoward place, and is calculated to keep the reader awake in hot weather. —THE MAJOR IN WASHINGTON CITY: Some Amusing and Amazing Letters from a Southern Standpoint. (Chicago: F. T. Neely. Price, 50 cents.) "The Major" is a Southern "Petroleum V. Nasby," who, instead of finding all his fun at the Cross Roads, goes up to the capital and pokes over a number of things the politicians do not like to hear talked about. His visit to New York is edifying, especially the points about Tammany. This is a book to aid digestion in this hot season.

Magazines.

—The *Critical Review of Theological and Philosophical Literature* for July contains a fine list of articles in the higher ranges of literature. The editor, Dr. S. F. D. Salmond, is at home in this field of criticism, and knows very well how to secure a list of contributors able to carry out the purpose of the *Review*. The articles are all brief, but incisive and masterful, dealing with the main positions of authors according to the canons of reason and logic, exemplifying a high order of critical writing. The *Review* is adapted to the student and thinker. Prof. John G. McKendrick scrutinizes Drummond's "The Ascent of Man;" Prof. Iversch deals with Upton's "Basis of Religious Belief;" and Alex. Taylor Innes criticizes the positions of Kidd in his "Social Evolution." While Innes praises the style and temper of the book, he cuts away the author's basal position. (Edinburgh: T. T. Clark. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.)

—The *Quarterly Review of the United Brethren in Christ*, for July, contains seven well-considered articles. Rev. L. L. Kephart, D. D., writes on the "Proper Training of the Mind;" Rev. L. F. John, on "Applied Christianity;" Rev. G. P. Macklin, on the "Imperialism of Knowledge;" and Miss Tirza L. Barnes, on "Woman in Literature." Chaplain Light gives a full account of the religious life and work in the Central National Military Home. The most striking article is that of W. H. Thomas on the "Southern Barbarians, White and Black." The author writes from Texas, and maintains the ground of Gov. Hogg. The faith-healing fanaticism also gets a hard rap by Rev. J. H. Miller. (The United Brethren Publishing House: Dayton, Ohio.)

—The August *Harper's* comes well laden with material suitable for the season. The number is especially rich in fiction. Besides the conclusion of Du Maurier's striking novel, "Tilbury," and the second instalment of Charles Dudley Warner's "The Golden House," the number contains six brief stories: Richard Harding Davis contributes a tale of New York, "The Editor's Story;" Owen Wister gives a vivid picture of Western life in "The Serenade of Siskiyou;" Elsie B. Nordhoff describes homesickness on the prairie in "Heimweh;" Miss Ed-

wards deals with urban charity in "Step-Brothers to Dives;" and Brander Matthews furnishes fresh glimpses of New York life in "A Vista in Central Park." Julian Ralph furnishes an admirable descriptive article on old Monmouth, N. J. "The Norway Coast" is given by Geo. C. Pease; and Hamilton Gibson has a curious illustrated article on "A Few Edible Toadstools and Mushrooms." "Stubble and Slough in Dakota" contains an account of a hunting scene, and Howells furnishes a fourth chapter in "My First Visit to New England." Few numbers of this old favorite have been better. (Harper & Brothers: New York.)

—The *Atlantic Monthly* for August has a list of readable articles. Margaret Deland leads on into the twenty-fifth chapter of "Philip and his Wife." Frank Bolles has a delightful chapter on the "August Birds in Cape Breton." Susan Coolidge describes "The Girlhood of an Autocrat." W. R. Thayer reproduces some letters of Sidney Lanier. Alice Earle gives an addenda to her "Church Communion Tokens." The article on "Cardinal Lavigne's Work in North Africa," by William Sharp, will be read with interest. A. H. Washburn dwells upon "Some Evils of Our Consular System." The reader will not fail to follow Theodore Roosevelt in his paper on "The College Graduate and Public Life." This is an admirably written article for the times. Henry A. Merwin has a strangely interesting article on "The Professional Horseman." (Houghton, Mifflin & Company: Boston.)

—McClure's for August contains thirteen articles on a good variety of subjects. It is, in fact, an unusually good number, which no one will fail to read even with the mercury up among the nineties. General Byers, who was under Sherman in the Atlanta Campaign, gives personal recollections of the great commander during and after the war—perhaps the most interesting bit of reminiscence which has been given concerning him. You see and hear the man in interesting attitudes and concerning matters of the gravest importance. Washington Gladden dissects Drummond's "Ascent of Man" in such a way as he is able to do. "Human Documents" come up again, with Louise Chandler Moulton and General Garfield as subjects. This hot month number furnishes examples of the short story. Conan Doyle tries his hand, as also Robert Barr, Earl Joslyn, and Charles Theodore Murray. (B. S. McClure: 30 Lafayette Place, New York.)

—*Sun and Shade* for June has eight interesting photographic plates—"Pinnacle Up to Date," "The Silver Age," "A Landscape," "Government Building, World's Fair," "Four Plates," with portraits of Rembrandt, Mrs. Kendal, and C. Harry Eaton, secretary of the American Water Color Society. In the July number there is a new departure—a reproduction, in colors, of an oil painting by Walter Petersen entitled, "The Fête Champêtre." This new process of printing in colors is called "chrome-gelatine," and is very successful. A striking portrait of Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, of Harvard, is given. "Daisy" is a fine snap-shot portrait of a cow by an amateur photographer. Then follow: "Lake of Como," "Alma," "The Italian Fortune Teller," "The House in the Little Orchard," and a photograph of the "Campus of Wabash College, Ind." (N. Y. Photogravure Co.: 137 W. 23d St., New York.)

—The August *Magazine of Art* presents as a frontispiece an etching by Wilhelm Unger of Fritz von Uhde's "Homewards," with two full-page engravings—"Miss Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth," and "Maud." There is also a page illustration, tinted, entitled, "The Way of the World," accompanying a poem by Christina Rossetti. Illustrated articles of interest are: "The Royal Academy, 1894" (III); "Raphael's Cartoons Criticized;" "Westminster Abbey and its Monuments;" "The New Gallery;" and "The Grafton Galleries." (Casell Publishing Co.: New York.)

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TWO METHODISMS IN THE SAME FIELD.

Rev. R. F. Chew.

Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

TO many of your readers who are accustomed to consider the matter of more cordial relations between the two Episcopal Methodisms in the United States as a mere matter of sentiment, it may be interesting to get a glimpse of the subject from the unsentimental point of view of dollars and cents. The great body of people composing these two churches are not rich; the demands made upon them to sustain the benevolences of their churches are heavy. Is the money that is annually gathered from frugal, self-sacrificing, loyal men, women and young people of our churches always wisely and judiciously expended, with the desire simply to extend the kingdom of Christ through the salvation of men? I greatly fear that if the annual disbursements of the two churches for Church Extension and Home Missions alone were fully exhibited to the membership of both churches, there would be serious questioning in the minds of many good men as to the need of some of our investments.

In this State the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, work side by side over the greater part of its territory. Only in a few counties of the extreme southeast has the M. E. Church no following at all. The M. E. Church has two white Conferences, besides members of a German Conference that extends into Illinois, and the M. E. Church, South, has three strong Conferences and about 95,000 members.

I have been a member of the St. Louis Conference, of the M. E. Church, South, for nearly twenty years, have wide acquaintance in both churches in this State, have always had most friendly and pleasant relations with the brethren of the M. E. Church, both clerical and lay, and have talked freely with them upon uniting weak Methodist churches where both churches now have organizations. I have studied the situation closely and with a view to get at the facts and determine what was best for the common cause of Christianity; and with this object in view, I submit the following table, showing moneys invested in churches and parsonages, with membership in both churches, in towns and on circuits where both Methodisms are represented. I have taken as a basis for this presentation good average towns of southwest and southeast Missouri, embraced in the St. Louis Conference of the M. E. Church, and the St. Louis and Southwest Missouri Conferences of the M. E. Church, South. The

figures given, as to population, are taken from the last State Gazetteer of Missouri, and are too high in most instances, I am sure. The values of churches and parsonages and the membership of the charges, are taken from the last Minutes of the Conferences.

As I understand the situation, a review of this table shows that the two Methodisms have in nearly every town, village and circuit here exhibited (and which are but representatives of hundreds of others), two dollars invested in churches and parsonages where one dollar would answer as well. I am satisfied that the union of the two congregations in towns where they are now more or less rivals, while it might result at first in a small percentage of loss in a few cases of chronic irreconcilables in both churches, would greatly please the larger part of the members of both churches, and help the cause of evangelical Christianity immensely in every community where such union should be consummated.

How should this union be brought about, and which church would be the gainer thereby? As to the first, I would suggest a joint commission of both churches with full power to act in the premises; and as to the church withdrawing, that should be determined altogether by the circumstances of the origin and growth of the societies involved. Take Joplin, for instance, a mining town of 15,000 (estimated) population largely from the Eastern States. With a \$15,000 church and good parsonage and only 185 members, you could easily absorb our 104 members and still not have an unwieldy membership, while we could sell church and parsonage and have \$4,000 to use in building churches in destitute places. But at Nevada, where our church is strong, the case would be reversed, and by your turning over to us your membership of 170 to add to our 500, we would release to you \$7,000 in church property, the proceeds whereof might easily be employed in building a church and parsonage where Methodism is now not represented at all.

These suggestions, I know, will excite opposition in both churches, chiefly, however, among leaders who know little and care less of the evils wrought in small communities by rival churches holding the same faith. The greater part of the people in both communities, who do not know when the church was split in twain or why, and who remain apart to satisfy the presiding elders, bishops, connectional editors and a few other great folk, would be glad to shake hands and sit down together as Christians in friendly converse as they are accustomed to do as neighbors.

St. Louis, Mo.

Town.	Pop.	Value of Church.	M. E.	M. E. C. S.
Joplin	15,000	\$15,000	1	2,000
Carthage	11,000	25,000	1	4,000
Nevada	8,000	5,000	1	15,000
Clinton	4,000	2,000	1	5,000
Cape Girardeau	8,000	2,500	1	4,000
Marshall	6,000	3,500	2	12,000
De Soto	6,000	2,500	2	5,000
Lebanon	3,000	5,000	5	1,500
Bonne Terre	3,000	1,000	1	5,000
West Plains	2,500	3,500	5	1,000
Farmington	2,500	3,500	5	1,200
Festus	2,000	3,000	2	5,000
Willow Springs	2,000	3,500	2	1,500
Salem	1,500	500	5	5,000
Ironton	1,500	1,500	2	5,000
Marshfield	1,100	2,500	5	5,000
Richland	700	3,500	1	2,000
Houston	800	2,000	5	4,000
Bismarck	800	2,500	5	4,000
Bloomfield	600	3,500	5	4,000

Town.	Value	Pro'nage.	M'mbr'ship.	M. E.	M. E. C. S.
Joplin	\$2,000	\$1,000	185	104	181
Carthage	1,000	1,000	843	198	198
Nevada	1,000	2,000	170	501	501
Clinton	1,500	2,000	377	323	323
Cape Gir.	750	1	101	120	120
Marshall	1,000	1	125	206	206
De Soto	1,000	2,000	244	129	129
Lebanon	1,000	1	188	78	78
Bonne Terre	1,000	1,000	229	229	229
West Plains	1,000	1,000	129	124	124
Farmington	1,000	1,225	83	518	518
Festus	500	1,000	100	119	119
Willow Springs	500	1,118	118	67	67
Salem	500	500	80	77	77
Ironton	400	800	80	93	93
Marshfield	400	1,000	104	121	121
Richland	400	1,125	125	113	113
Houston	300	500	73	292	292
Bismarck	300	51	75	75	75
Bloomfield	300	170	488	488	488

A Possible Misapprehension.

IF any one imagines, from recent philippics and discussions of suggested changes in the office and functions of our episcopacy, that there is a widespread and acute dissatisfaction with the office as it is, it would be well for him to test it. Suppose he organize a new Methodist Church—say the Continental Methodist Church or the Cosmic Methodist Church—retaining all the good features of Methodism, except the episcopacy, and beat up for volunteers among the Methodist Episcopalians.

He would discover speedily that we like the episcopacy as it is much better than any church without it; and that we seek in the proposed modifications only to make a good thing still better.

It occurs to us that it might be well for all concerned if somebody should undertake this. He would need to be the highest type of honorable Christian manhood—no ecclesiastical vagrant, no leech, bloated full of the church's best blood and having let go because he could suck no more—to show how little, under the best conditions for its development, there is of the dissatisfaction supposed to exist, and how strong and abiding is the loyalty of Methodists to the church. The result would surprise our enemies and delight our friends.

People who conclude that, because now and then we scold about the old farm, we propose to pull down the fences and abandon it, are sadly mistaken. Nobody knows better than we what the old place is capable of. We mean to fertilize it, to plow it deeper, to tend it more faithfully, and astonish our neighbors with the abundance of our crops. We may put a stoop on the old house, and top out the chimney, and give the clapboards a coat of fresh paint; but under the shade of our honeysuckles, and in sight of our hollyhocks, we intend to spend the remnant of our days.—Western Christian Advocate.

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Review of the Week.

Tuesday, August 7.

—The Jackson North Polar expedition sets out from Archangel, Russia, for Franz-Josef Land.

—The Pope sends an encyclical to the Brazilian bishops urging them to educate the people.

—Russia will hasten progress on the Siberian railroad.

—Kurino, the new Japanese minister to this country, is a graduate of Harvard.

—The body of Jules Dutreuil de Rhins, the famous French explorer, found in a river in Tibet; as he had been murdered, China must indemnify his family.

—Cotton manufacturers in Fall River decide to cut wages 10 per cent., beginning Aug. 20.

—Emperor William visits Queen Victoria at Cowes.

—The gold reserve falls to \$62,000,000.

Wednesday, August 8.

—Death of Francis H. Underwood, U. S. Consul at Leith, Scotland, well known in Boston literary circles.

—The famous frigate "Constitution"—"Old Ironsides"—to be stationed at this port as a training ship.

—Death of Dr. James Strong, the eminent professor in Drew Theological Seminary, and Biblical scholar.

—The House caucus decides not to embarrass the conferees on the Tariff bill with instructions.

—The House Judiciary committee reports adversely on the bill to enable persons of Japanese descent to become citizens of this country.

—The Evicted Tenants' bill passes the House of Commons.

—Two deaths from cholera in Amsterdam.

—The town of Stowe, Vt., rounds out its first century.

Thursday, August 9.

—Heavily shaken by an earthquake; three towns destroyed and others damaged; fifty persons reported killed and many injured.

—Roman Catholic aims and methods sharply criticized by Rev. Madison C. Peters and others at Asbury Grove.

—Orders given by British authorities to the war-ships at Bluefields to act in harmony with those of the United States.

—Japan claims a victory over the Chinese in which 500 of the latter were killed.

—Fifty anarchists undergoing trial in Paris.

—The Hungarian government formulates a bill to enforce the colonizing of 370,000 gypsies.

Friday, August 10.

—A hail storm in Rovers causes great damage.

—Eight lives lost in a railroad wreck near Lincoln, Neb.

—The Salvation Army cruiser "William Booth," of Toronto, wrecked.

—At Cripple Creek, Col., 321 indictments in connection with the recent labor troubles returned by the grand jury.

—Cozy's "army"—about 100 of them—arrested in Maryland, and sentenced as vagrants for three months.

—The friends of Mr. Moody subscribe over \$7,000 for an auditorium at Northfield.

—Two opposing views of Atchison's financial condition submitted, one by Mr. Little, an expert accountant, the other by President Reinhart.

Saturday, August 11.

—Resignation of J. W. Reinhart, both as president and receiver of the Atchison road.

—Milwaukee police assailed by an angry mob because of the removal of a small-pox patient to a hospital in their vicinity.

—The tax rate for Boston this year fixed at \$12.80.

—The railroad calamity near Lincoln, Neb., probably caused by train wreckers; the dead now number eleven.

—Lightning kills seven boys under a tree in Texas.

—A Japanese army of 20,000 marching on Seoul, Korea; China to put 60,000 men into the field; the Japanese fleet suffer defeat in an attack on Chinese ships at Wei-hai-wei, a Chinese fort.

—Anti-missionary demonstrations at Shuk-lung (near Canton) and other places; a Presbyterian church destroyed.

—Gen. Caceres assumes power in Peru, and appoints a cabinet.

—The Prince of Wales visits the U. S. Cruiser "Chicago."

—A coal shaft in Poland wrecked by a gas explosion; hundreds of miners cut off from hope of safety.

Monday, August 13.

—Forty thousand dollars pledged for foreign missions at the Christian Alliance camp-meeting at Old Orchard.

—Pullman strikers to be evicted this week; about 5,000 men, women, and children destitute and on the verge of starvation.

—Death of Dr. Joseph Burnett, of Southboro, by a carriage accident; he was formerly president of the Boston Druggists' Association, and

manufactured perfumes and extracts; he founded the well-known "Deerfoot farm."

—Over 580 trains handled daily at the Union Station in this city—the largest number in any railroad station in the world.

—Acquittal of the thirty men on trial for anarchy in Paris.

—Decision to be reached in caucus today upon the Tariff bill.

—Rains in the West come too late to revive the corn crop.

Annual Convention of the Epworth League.

It is hoped and expected that the fifth annual convention of the Epworth League, which is to be held in Manchester, N. H., October 4 and 5, will be one of the largest and most enthusiastic ever held. It is very desirable, to that end, that early application should be made for railroad tickets and boarding accommodations. This is especially necessary for those Leagues in the smaller towns of New England, and those distant from Manchester. The president or some selected member of each League should take particular pains to look after this matter. For any information address Rev. F. B. Graves, 38 Bromfield St., Boston.

The new Epworth M. E. Church of Norfolk, Va., has just placed the order for their organ with the Hook & Hastings Co., to be completed in the spring with the new edifice. The instrument will have three manuals and be blown by a water motor. The church will enjoy the possession of the largest instrument in the Middle or Southern States south of Philadelphia, as the organ is considerably greater in size than that furnished by the same house for the M. E. Church, South, of Birmingham, Ala., two years ago.

Photographing Shooting Stars.

Photography, which has been used for so many other purposes, has been employed to advantage also in the study and illustration of astronomy. The planets and fixed stars have been taken by the instrument, and Prof. Elkin of Yale is satisfied good results may be secured in the attempt to photograph the shooting stars. Prof. Pickering, at the Harvard Observatory, last week, tried his instrument on the August meteors, through which the earth is passing, but without the best results. Not more than two or three are given with distinctness enough to be recognized. Whether the rapid motion of the meteor, the light of the moon or the condition of the instrument rendered the result unsatisfactory is not quite certain. Future attempts may secure more satisfactory results. The photographing of rapidly moving bodies will be an astronomical achievement.

Death of an Inventor.

Reynolds T. White, inventor of White's elevated railroad system, was born in South Ridge, O., Aug. 18, 1848, and died in Medford, Aug. 11. He came East when nine years old and learned the trade of a millwright and engineer. He became a builder in Wareham and Boston. In 1888 he removed to Medford, where he became a leading citizen. For many years he devoted much attention to the processes of invention. Among the contrivances which interested the public was the elevated railroad system which bears his name. He regarded it as greatly superior to the Meigs system adopt-

ed by our legislature last winter. The difference between Meigs and White was that the former had a large backing of capital and the latter had scarcely any, and brains without ample financial support makes a poor showing before a legislature. Mr. White is said to have realized \$30,000 in royalties in a single year from other inventions; but he had the misfortune of most inventors—the defense of his patents, which ate up his gains. A patent is an elephant on a man's hands, if he has not an abundance of money to defend it.

The Diamond Cutters.

The immigration authorities find no little difficulty in excluding forbidden immigrants, especially contract laborers. On both sides of the water there has to be kept up a vigilant watch. Of late, the coming of a large number of Dutch diamond cutters has perplexed them. They were informed a month ago by the Central Labor Union that several diamond cutters from Rotterdam, on contract, were on board the steamer "Moordam." The men, held for a few days, were released for lack of evidence. A week later the Zilver Brothers, lapidaries, of Amsterdam, arrived with fifteen cutters. They brought letters of credit for \$500,000 and announced their intention of setting up business in Brooklyn. No doubt all these men were to be employed by the Zilvera, though the authorities failed to find evidences of the contract. But the search begins on the other side and many undesirable immigrants never succeed in embarking. The care against disease has, of late, been extreme. The North German Lloyd and the Hamburg-American line of steamers have established stations on the frontiers where all proposed passengers must pass examinations. Doctors are at hand, baths in needful cases are employed and all baggage is fumigated. If cholera or any other disease enters our ports, it will be after running this double gauntlet.

Tricks of Electricity.

In Bond Street, East Baltimore, a new form of witchcraft, this time in league with electricity, has appeared. In the house of Harris Kotschiniosky are several families of tailors who became alarmed one day by the burning forth from the walls of jets of electricity. Where the currents came from, no one was able to tell. Mrs. K. went to use an iron wash bowl on the third floor, when she was shocked by an electric flash, and the zinc about the bowl began to melt. The woman was speechless with fright and ran downstairs. Soon the water pipes, charged with electricity and constantly emitting flame, began to melt. By this time the electric movement was visible all over the house, but the current was soon cut off, to reappear only after two days, when the house became charged again. The moment the water was shut off, the iron pipes became red hot and melted. The plumber was employed to put in new pipes, which in turn became the seat of electric action, emitting sparks and throwing out jets of flame. No explanation of these strange phenomena has been made. No one doubts it is a trick of electricity, but how and why are beyond the knowledge of those who witnessed the display. Electric cars run close to the house on both sides and a large number of electric light and motor wires run near, but have no immediate connection with the house. Whether these came in contact, anywhere,

with the water pipes has not been ascertained. The mystery of this curious electric movement is yet to be solved. If the facts have been correctly reported, there must be some new law regulating electric action.

It is a truth not sufficiently reflected on or put into practice, that we may everywhere be a partaker of the joy of others. It is our privilege and duty not only to enter into others' sorrow, but others' happiness. We are to rejoice with them that rejoice, as well as weep with them that weep. If we do the latter only and not the former, our soul will be too heavily weighted. We are entitled to this compensation. Sympathy should not be restricted to a sharing of the woes of our neighbors. When we see them in bliss it is our place to give hearty thanks. The Doxology should rise to our lips a great many times a day, not only for our own manifold mercies but also for the blessings bestowed upon our fellow-men. If we are rightly attuned to praise, the happy family circle that we look in upon, the successful stroke of legitimate business that we hear about, the prosperous career of a worthy man of which we read, will call forth our hallelujahs and be a very positive accession to our own good cheer. This is a lawful part of true Christian delight. We should cultivate it more.

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For this occasion the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Co. will sell round trip tickets at reduced rates from all points on its lines east of the Ohio River, August 23 to 28 inclusive, valid for return trip until September 6; a further extension of time to September 15 can be secured, provided the ticket is deposited with the joint agent at Washington, D. C., on or before September 6.

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The BAY VIEW has been under the same management for ten years past, and will continue the same in the future.

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